

Wit and Mirth :  
OR  
PILLS  
TO PURGE  
Melancholy :  
BEING

A Choice Collection of the best Merry  
BALLADS, and above a Hundred of  
the best SONGS, Old and New.  
Fitted to all Humours, having each their  
proper TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument.

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The Second Edition with Additions.  
Being carefully Corrected by Mr. J. Lenton.

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Vol. IV.

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*Hic est quem legis, ille quem requiris,  
Totus notus in urbe Merimannus.*

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L O N D O N: Printed by William Pearson, and  
Sold by John Young, Musical-Instrument-maker,  
the Dolphin and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard  
1709. Price Bound 2s. 6d.





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TO THE  
READER.

**S**INCE the Booksellers Stalls inform us that Physicians are the greatest Interlopers in the Rhyming Trade; and are continually dabbling in the Streams of Helicon; it is no Injustice for a Versifier to return the Complement, and Oblige the World with a few Prescriptions, tho' to the no small hindrance of the Pulse-groping Fraternity.

Having then observ'd, that in Spight of my repeated Endeavours, an unaccountable Melancholy call'd Spleen in the Men, and Vapours in the Women, Reigns among the English, and which (if not remov'd in time) will be as much the distinguishing Character of a Native of this Island, as Vanity of a French Man, Formality of a Spaniard, and Revenge of an Italian. I could not but again try to disperse and put to flight the rallying Forces of this

A 2 prevailing

## To the Reader.

prevailing Distemper, which affects both Body and Mind, and bids defiance to the grave Urinal-shakers. Accordingly I have prepar'd another Dose of Poetical-Pills; my former not being able to reach the Thousandth Part of the Afflicted; and these will infallibly divert, and assuage, at least, if not carry off this Epidemical Evil; for I have not enough of the Quack in me, to vouch my Medicine for infalibile, any more than Universal. However thus much I may venture to say, that if it does no Good, it will do no Hurt; being as Pleasant, and Harmless, as Ptiscons, or Pearl-Cordial, and I am sure that Lenitives are as proper for the Mind and Body Natural, as for the Body Politic, and more for the benefit of the Prescriber, as my Brother B——n hath found by sad Experience; who will advise all State Physicians henceforward rather to Fustianize with Bl——re, Flatter with G——th, Bite with R——w, make Birds speak plain with stuttering D——sey, or indite Spiritual Epigrams for Children with the Laureat, than to be for giving the Government violent Purges with him and P——tt——s; unless they are ambitious of being exalted to the same high Post. Should I mention but the hundredth of the Cures perform'd by these Pills, the  
bare

## To the Reader.

*bare Names of the Persons would take up more room than Addresses and Statutes of Bankrupt do in a double Gazette. So that if we may guess at what may be, by what hath been, they cannot fail of meeting with general Approbation. Count Tallard by the help of 'em hath forgot Blenheim, and if M. Villeroy understood the Nature of this English Medicine, it would sooner cure him of the Surfeit he got in the Plains of Judoigo, than the Waters at Aix la Chapelle, which he is now gone to drink. In short, as a Brother of the Faculty wittily observes ;*

These with a jerk, will do your Work,  
And Scour you o'er and o'er :  
Read, Judge and Try, and if you die,  
Never believe me more.

Dr. Merryman.

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AN

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# Pills to Purge Melancholy.

## The Fourth VOLUME.

*The King and the Shepherd, and Gillian the Shepherd's Wife, with her churlish answer to the King.*

*The Tune Chivy Chase.*



**I**N Elder time there was of Yore,  
when guides of churlish glee,  
Were us'd among our Country Earls,  
though no such thing now be:  
The which King *Alfred* liking well,  
forsook his stately Court,  
And in disguise unknown went forth,  
to see that jovial sport.  
How *Dick* and *Tom* in clouted shoon,  
and coats of russet gray,  
Esteem'd themselves more brave than they,  
that went in golden ray;



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

In garments fit for such a life,  
 the good King *Alfred* went,  
 All ragg'd and torn as from his back  
 the beggar his cloaths had rent.  
 A sword and buckler good and strong,  
 to give Jack sauce a rap,  
 And on his head instead of Crown,  
 he wore a Monmouth cap.  
 Thus coasting through *Somersetshire*,  
 near *Newton* Court he met,  
 A shepherd swain of lusty limb,  
 That up and down did jet:  
 He wore a bonnet of good gray,  
 close buttoned to his chin,  
 And at his back a leather scrip,  
 with much good meat therein.  
 God speed good shepherd, quoth the King,  
 I come to be thy guest,  
 To tast of thy good viuals here,  
 and drink that's of the best:  
 Thy scrip I know hath cheer good store.  
 what then the shepherd said?  
 Thou seem'st to be some sturdy thief,  
 and mak'st me sore afraid.  
 Yet if thou wilt thy dinner win  
 the sword and buckler take,  
 And if thou canst into my scrip  
 therewith an entrance make,  
 I tell thee, Roister, it hath store,  
 of beef and bacon fat,  
 With shieves of barley-bread to make  
 thy chaps to water at:  
 Here stands my bottle here my bag,  
 if thou canst win them Roister,  
 Against the sword and buckler here  
 my sheephook is my master.  
 Benedicite now, quoth our good King  
 it never shall be said,  
 That *Alfred* of the shepherds hook  
 will stand a whit afraid:



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

So soundly thus they both fell to't,  
and giving bang for bang,  
At every blow the shepherd gave  
King *Alfred's* sword cry'd twang.  
His buckler prov'd his chiefeft fence  
for still the shepherds hook,  
Was that the which King *Alfred* could  
in no good manner brook:  
At last when they had fought four hours,  
and it grew just mid-day,  
And wearied both with right good will  
desir'd each others stay.  
King, truce I cry quoth *Alfred* then,  
good shepherd hold thy hand,  
A sturdier fellow than thy self  
lives not within this land.  
Nor a lustier Roister than thou art,  
the churlish shepherd said,  
To tell thee plain thy thievish looks,  
now makes my heart afraid;  
Else sure thou art some prodigal  
Which hast consum'd thy store,  
And now com'st wandring in this place  
to rob and steal for more:  
Deem not of me then quoth our King  
good shepherd in this sort,  
A Gentleman well known I am  
in good King *Alfred's* Court.  
The Devil thou art, the shepherd said,  
thou goest in rags all torn,  
Thou rather seem'st I think to be,  
some beggar basely born;  
But if thou wilt mend thy estate,  
and here a shepherd be,  
At night to *Gillian* my sweet wife  
thou shalt go home with me.  
For she's as good a toothless dame  
as mumbleth on brown bread,  
Where thou shalt lie in hurden sheets,  
upon a fresh straw bed.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Of whig and whey we have good store,  
and keep good pease-straw fires,  
And now and then good barley Cakes  
as better days requires.

But for my master which is chief,  
and Lord of *Newton Court*,  
He keeps I say, his shepherds swains  
in far more braver sort;

We there have curds and clouted cream  
of red Cows morning milk,  
And now and then fine buttered cakes  
as soft as any silk.

Of Beef and reised Bacon store  
that is most fat and greasy,  
We have likewise to feed our chaps,  
and make them glib and easie,

Thus if thou wilt my Man become,  
this usage thou shalt have,  
If not adieu go hang thy self  
and so farewell Sir Knave.

King *Alfred* hearing of this glee,  
the churlish shepherd said,  
Was well content to be his man,  
so they a bargain made.

A penny round the shepherd gave,  
in earnest of this match,  
To keep his sheep in field and fold  
as shepherds use to watch.

His wages shall be full ten groats  
for service of a year,

Yet was it not his use old Lad  
to hire a man so dear.

For did the King himself (quoth he)  
unto my cottage come,

He should not for a 12 months pay  
receive a greater sum.

Hereat the bonny King grew blith  
to hear the clownish jest,

How silly sots as custom is  
do discant at the best.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

But not to spoil the foolish sport  
he was content good King,  
To fit the shepherd's humour right  
in every kind of thing.  
▲ Sheep-hook then with patch his dog,  
and tar-box by his side.  
He with his Master jig by jowl,  
unto old *Gillian* hy'd,  
Into whose sight no sooner came,  
whom have you here (quoth she ).  
A fellow I doubt will cut our throats,  
so like a knave looks he.  
Not so old dame quoth *Alfred* strait,  
of me you need not fear,  
My Master hir'd me for ten groats  
to serve you one whole year:  
So good dame *Gillian* grant me leave  
within your house to stay,  
For by Saint *Ann* do what you can,  
I will not yet away.  
Her churlish usage pleas'd him still,  
put him to such a proof,  
That he at night was almost choakt,  
within that smoaky Roof:  
But as he sat with smiling cheer,  
the event of all to see,  
His dame broght fourth a piece of dow  
which in the fire throws she:  
Where lying on the Hearth to bake,  
by chance the Cake did burn,  
What canst thou not, thou lout. ( quoth she )  
take pains the same to turn:  
Thou art more quick to take it out  
and eat it up half dow,  
Then thus to stay till't be enough,  
and so thy manners show.  
But serve me such another trick,  
I'll thwack thee on the snout,  
Which made the patient King good man  
of her to stand in doubt:

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

At to be brief to bed they went  
The good old man and's wife,  
At never such a lodging had  
King *Alfred* in his life:  
For he was laid in white sheepes wooll  
New pull'd from tanned fells,  
And o're his head hang'd spiders webs  
As if they had been bells.  
This the Country guise thought he,  
Then here I will not stay,  
But hence be gone as soon as breaks  
The peeping of next day.  
The cackling hens and geese kept roost  
And perched at his side,  
Whereat the last the watchful Cock,  
Made known the morning tide;  
Then up got *Alfred* with his horn,  
And blew so long a blast,  
That made *Gillian* and her Groom,  
In bed full sore agast.  
A rise, quoth she we are undone,  
This night we lodged have,  
At unawares within our house,  
A false dissembling knave;  
Rise husband, rise, he'll cut our throates,  
He calleth for his mates,  
He give old *Will* our good Cade lamb,  
He would depart our gates.  
But still King *Alfred* blew his horn,  
Before them more and more,  
Till that a hundred Lords and Knights,  
All lighted at the door:  
Which cry'd all hail, all hail good King,  
Long have we look'd your Grace,  
And here you find (my merry men all)  
Your Sovereign in this place.  
We shall surely be hang'd up both,  
Old *Gillian* I much fear.  
The shepherd said for using thus,  
Our good King *Alfred* here:

*Pills to Purge Melancholy*

O pardon my Liege, quoth *Gillian* then  
for my husband and for me,  
By these ten bones I never thought,  
the same that now I see;  
And by my hook the shepherd said,  
an oath both good and true,  
Before this time O Noble King,  
I never your Highness knew:  
Then pardon me and my old wife,  
that we may after say,  
When first you came into our house,  
it was a happy day.  
It shall be done said *Alfred* freight,  
and *Gillian* thy old dame,  
For this thy churlish using me,  
deserveth not much blame;  
For this thy Country guise I see,  
to be thus bluntish still,  
And where the plainest meaning is,  
remains the smallest ill.  
And master lo I tell the now,  
for thy low man-hood shown,  
A thousand Weathers I'll bestow,  
upon thee for thy own.  
And pasture ground as much as will  
suffice to feed them all,  
And this thy cottage I will change,  
into a stately hall.  
As for the same as duty binds,  
the shepherd said good King,  
A milk white white Lamb once every year,  
I'll to your highness bring.  
And *Gillian* my wife likewise,  
of wool to make you coats,  
Will give you as much at new years tide  
as shall be worth ten groats,  
And in your praise my Bagpipe shall  
sound sweetly once a year,  
How *Alfred* our renowned King  
most kindly hath been here.



### *Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Thanks shepherd, thanks, quoth he again,  
the next time I come hither,  
My Lords with me here in this house  
will all be merry together.

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### *On the Tombs at Westminster Abby.*

You must suppose it to be *Easter Holy-Days*: At what time Sicily and Del, Kate and Peggy, Moll and Nan, are marching to Westminster, with a *Leash of Prentices* before 'em; who go rowing themselves along with their right Arms to make more hast, and now and then with a greasie Muskender wipe away the dripping that bastes their Fore-Heads. At the Door they meet a crowd of Wapping Seamen, Southwark Broom-men, the Inhabitants of the Bank-Side, with a Butcher or two prick't in among them. There a while they stand gaping for the master of the Show, staring upon the Suburbs of their dearest delight, just as they stand gaping upon the painted Cloath before they go into the Poppet Play. By and by they hear the Bunch of Keys, which rejoices their Hearts like the sound of the Pancake Bell. For now the Man of Comfort peeps over the Spikes, and beholding such a learned Auditory, opens the Gate of paradise, and by that time they are half got into the first Chapel, (for time is very precious) he lifts up his Voice among the Tombs, and begins his Lurvey in manner and form following.

Sung or said, To a Tune in imitation of the Old Soldiers,  
Pag. 21.

**H**ere lies William de Valence  
A right good Earl of Pembroke,  
And this is his Monument which you see,  
I'll swear upon a Book.

He was High Marshal of England,  
When Henry the 3d. did Reign,  
But this you take upon my Word,  
That he'll nere be so again.

Here



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Here the Lord *Edward Talbot* lies,  
The Town of *Shrewsbury's* Earl,  
Together with his Countess fair.  
That was a most delicate Girl.

The next to him there lyeth one, .1  
Sir *Richard Peckshall* hight,  
Of whom we only this do say,  
He was a *Hampshire* Knight.

But now to tell ye more of him,  
There lies beneath this Stone  
Two Wives of his and Daughters four;  
To all of us unknown.

Sir *Bernard Brockhurst* there doth lie,  
Lord Chamberlain to Queen *Ann*;  
Queen *Ann* was *Richard* the seconds Queen,  
And he was King of *England*.

Sir *Francis Hollis*; the Lady *Frances*;  
The same was *Suffolks* Dutchess,  
Two Children of *Edward* the third,  
Lie here in Deaths cold Clutches.

This is the third King *Edward's* Brother,  
Of whom our Records tell  
Nothing of Note, nor say they whether  
He be in Heaven or Hell.

This same was *John* of *Eldeston*,  
He was no Coffer-monger,  
But *Cornwal's* Earl; And here's one Ty'd  
Cause he could live no longer.

The Lady *Mohun*, Dutchess of *York*,  
And Duke of *York's* Wife also;  
Put Death resolv'd to Horn the Duke,  
She lies now with Death below.

## *Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

The Lady *Ann Ross*, but wot ye well  
That she, in Child-bed dy'd,  
The Lady *Marquess of Winchester*  
Lies Buried by her side.

Now think your Penny well spent good Folks ;  
And that you are not beguil'd  
Within this Cup doth lie the Heart  
Of a *French Embassador's* Child.

But how the Devil it came to pass,  
On purpose, or by chance,  
The Bowels they lie underneath,  
The Body is in *France*.

Dol. I warrant ye  
the Pharises car-  
ried it away.

There's *Oxford's Countess*, and there also  
The Lady *Burleigh* her Mother,  
And there her Daughter, a Countess too,  
Lie close by one another.

These once where Bonny Dames, and though  
There were no Coaches then,  
Yet could they jog their Tails themselves,  
Or had them jogg'd by Men.

Dick. Ho, bo, bo,  
I warrant ye they  
did as other Wo-  
men did, ha Ralf,  
Ralf. Oy, Oy.

But woe is me ! those high born Sinners  
That went to pray so stoutly,  
Are now laid low, and cause they can't,  
Their statues pray devoutly.

This is the Dutchess of *Somerset*,  
By name the Lady *Ann*,  
Her Lord *Edward* the sixth protected,  
Oh ! He was a Gallant Man.

Tom. I have  
heard a Ballad of  
him sang at Rat-  
cliff Crois. Mol.  
I believe we have  
it at home over  
our Kitchen Man-  
tle-Tree.

In this fair Monument which you see  
Adorn'd with so many Pillars,  
Doth lie the Countess of *Buckingham*  
And her Husband Sir *George Villers*.

This

*Pill to Purge Melancholy.*

This old Sir *George* was Granfather,  
And the Countess she was Granny;  
To the Great Duke of *Buckingham*,  
Who often topt King *Jammy*.

Sir *Robert Eatam*, a Scotch Knight,  
This Man was Secratary,  
And scribbld Compl'ments for two Queen;  
Queen *Ann*, and eke Queen *Mary*.

This was the Countess of *Lenox*,  
Yclep'd the Lady *Murget*,  
King *Jame's* Granmother, and yet  
'Gainst Death she had no Target.

This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*,  
Whom *Buchanan* doth bespatter,  
She lost her Head at *Tortinbam*,  
What ever was the matter.

The Mother of our seventh *Henry*,  
This is that lyeth hard by,  
She was the Countess wot ye well  
Of *Richmond* and of *Derby*.

*Henry* the Seventh lieth here,  
With his faire Queen beside him,  
He was the Founder of this Chappel,  
Oh may no ill betide him,

Therefore his Monument's in Brass,  
You'll say that very much is;  
The Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*  
There lieth with his Dutcheffs.

And here they stand upright in a Press  
with Bodies made of Wax,  
With a Globe and a Wand in either hand,  
And their Robes upon their Backs.

Dol. How came  
she bere then?  
Will it by ye filly  
case could not she  
be brought bere,  
after she was  
dead?

Boo. I warrant  
ye these were no  
small Fools in  
those days.

Here

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Here lies the Duke of Buckingham  
And the Dutcheſs his Wife;  
Him Felton Stabb'd at Portſmouth Town  
And ſo he loſt his Life.

Two Children of King James theſe are,  
Whom Death keeps very chary.  
Sophia in the Cradle lies,  
And this is the Lady Mary.

And this is Queen Elizabeth,  
How the Spaniards did inveſt her;  
Here ſhe lies Buried, with Queen Mary,  
And now agrees with her Siſter.

To another Chappel now come we,  
The People follow and chat,  
This is the Lady Corrington,  
And the People cry, who's that?

This is the Lady Francis Sidney,  
The Counteſs of Suffolk was ſhe,  
And this the Lord Dudley Carleton is,  
And then they look up and ſee;

Sir Thomas Brumley lyeth here,  
Death would him not reprieve,  
With his four ſons and Daughters four,  
That once were all alive.

The next is Sir John fullerton,  
And this is his Lady I trow,  
And this is Sir John Puckering  
Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of Bridgewater in the middle,  
Who makes no uſe of his Bladder,  
Although his Lady lie ſo near him,  
And ſo we go up a Ladder.

*Beſs. Good Wo-  
man pray ſtill your  
Child, it keeps ſuch  
a howling, we can't  
bear what the man  
ſays.*

*Edward* the first, that Gallant Blade,  
Lies underneath this Stone,  
And this is the Chair which he did bring  
A good while ago from *Scone*.

In this same Chair till now of late  
Our Kings and Queens were Crown'd;  
Under this Chair another Stone  
Doth lie upon the Ground.

On that same Stone did *Jacob* sleep  
Instead of a down Pillow,  
And after that t'was hither brought  
By some good honest Fellow.

*Richard* the second lieth here,  
And his first Queen, *Queen Ann*,  
*Edward* the third lies here hard by,  
Oh there was a Gallant Man.

For this was his two handed Sword,  
A Blade both true and trusty,  
The *French* Men's Blood was ne're wip'd off,  
Which makes it look so rusty.

Here lies he again with his Queen *Philip*,  
A *Dutch* Woman by Record,  
But that's all one, for now alas!  
His Blade's not so long as his Sword.

King *Edward* the Confessor lies  
Within this Monument fine.  
I'm sure, quoth one, a worser Tomb,  
Must serve both me and mine.

*Harry* the fifth lies there; and there  
Doth lie Queen *Ellenor*,  
To our first *Edward* she was Wife,  
Which was more than ye knew before.

*Kate*. He took  
more pains, than I  
would ha. don for  
a hundred such.  
*Ralf*. Gad I war-  
rant there has  
been many a *Mai-*  
*denhead* got in  
that Chair. *Tom*.  
Gad and I'll come  
hither and try one  
of these Days, an's  
be but to get a  
Prince.

*Dol*. A Papist I  
warrant him.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*Henry* the third lies there Batomb'd,  
He was Herb *John* in Pottage,  
Little he did, but still Reign'd on,  
Although his Sons were at Age.

Fifty six Years he Reigned King,  
E're he the Crown would lay by,  
Only we praise him cause he was  
Last Builder of the *Abby*,

Here *Thomas Cecil* lies, who's that?  
Why 'tis the Earl of *Exeter*,  
And this his Countess is; to Die  
How it perplexed her.

Here *Henry Cary*. Ld *Hunsdon* rests.  
What a nose he makes with his Name? *poor Folks*  
Lord Chamberlian was he unto  
Queen *Elizabeth* of great Fame.

And here's one *William Colchester*.  
Lies of a Certainty;  
And Abbot was he of *Westminster*,  
And he that saith no, doth lie.

This is the Bishop of *Durham*  
By Death here layd in Fetters,  
*Henry* the seventh lov'd him well,  
And so he wrote his Letters.

Sir *Thomas Baccus*, what of him?  
Poor Gentle man not a word,  
Only they Buried him here; but now  
Behold that Man with a Sword.

*Humphrey de Bobun*, who though he were  
Not born with me i' the same Town,  
Yet I can tell he was Earl of *Essex*,  
Of *Hertford*, and *Northampton*.

*Dol.* Ay, ay, I  
warrent her, rich  
Folks are as un-  
willing to die as  
poor Folks

*Silly.* That's she  
for whom our  
Bells ring so of-  
ten, is it not *Ma-*  
*ry*? *Mol.* Ay, ay,  
the very same.

He



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

15

He was High Constable of England,  
As History well expresses.  
But now pretty Maids be of good Chear,  
Wee'r going up to the Presses.

And now the Presses open stand  
And ye see them all arow,  
But never no more is said of these  
Then what is said below.

Now down the Stairs come we again,  
The Man goes first with a Staff.  
Some two or three tumble down the Stairs,  
And then the People laugh.

This is the great Sir *Francis Vere*,  
That so the *Spaniards* curry'd,  
Four Collonels support his Tomb  
And here his Body's Buried.

That *Statue* against the *Wall* with one eye,  
Is Major General *Norris*,  
He beat the *Spaniards* cruelly,  
As is affirm'd in stories.

Dick. I warrent  
ye be bad two, if  
he could have  
But kept 'em.

His six Sons there hard by him stand,  
Each one was a Commander,  
To shew he could a Lady serve,  
As well as the *Hollander*.

And there doth Sir *John Hollis* rest,  
Who was the Major General  
To Sir *John Norris* that brave blade,  
And so they go to Dinner all.

For now the Show is at an end,  
All things are done and said,  
The Citizen pays for his Wife,  
The Prentice for the Maid.

*The Character of a Seat's-man ; written by one of  
the Craft : To be Sung on Crispin Night.*

*Tune Packington's Pound.*



I am one in whom nature has fix'd a decree,  
Ordaining my life to happy and free,  
With no cares of the world I am ever perplex'd,  
And never depending I never am vex'd.  
I'm neither of so high nor so low a degree,  
But ambition and want are both strangers to me,  
My life is a compound of freedom and ease,  
I go where I will and I work when I please,  
I live below envy and yet above spite,  
And have judgment enough for to do my self right;  
Some greater and richer I own there may be,  
Yet as many live worse as live better than me,  
And few That from cares live so quiet and free ;

When

When Money comes in I live well till it's gone,  
So with it I'm happy, Content when I've none  
I spend it Genteelly, and never repent,  
If I loose it at Play why I count it but lent,  
For that which at one time, I lose among Friends,  
Another nights winning's still makes me amends,  
And tho' I'm without the first day of the week,  
I still make it out by shift or by tick,  
In mirth at my work the swift hours do pass,  
And by Saturday night, I'm as Rich as I was.

Then let Masters drudge on and be slaves to their trade,  
Let their hours of Pleasure by business be stay'd,  
Let them venture their stocks to be ruin'd by trust,  
Let Clickers bark on the whole day at their post,  
Let 'em tire all that pass, with their rotified cant,  
"Will you buy any Shoe's, pray see what you want ;  
Let the rest of the world, still contend to be great,  
Let some by their Losses, Repine at their fate,  
Let others that thrive, not content with their store,  
Be plagu'd with the trouble and thoughts to get more,

Let wise men Invent, till the World be deceived,  
Let fools thrive through fortune, and knaves be believed ;  
Let such as are Rich know no want, but content,  
Let others be plagu'd to pay taxes and rent ;  
With more freedom and pleasure my time I'll employ,  
And covet no blessings but what I enjoy.

Then let's celebrate *Crispin* with Bumpers and Songs,  
And They that drink foul may it blister their tongues :  
Here's Two in a hand, and let no one deny 'em,  
Since *Crispin* in youth was a Seat's-man as I am.

*The Female scuffle, To the foregoing Tune.*

**O**F late in the Park, a fair fancy was seen  
 Betwixt an old *Baud* and a lusty young *Queen*,  
 Their parting of Money began the uproar,  
 I'll have half says the *Baud*, but you shan't says the *Whore*;  
     Why 'tis my own House,  
     I care not a Louse;  
 I'll ha' three parts of four, or you get not a Souse.

'Tis I says the *Whore* must take all the pains,  
 And you shall be damn'd e're you get all the gains;  
 The *Baud* being vex'd, strait to her did say,  
 Come off wi' your *duds*, and I pray pack away.  
 And likewise your *Ribands*, your *Gloves* and your *Hair*,  
 For naked you came and so out you go bare.

    Then *Buttocks* so bold  
     Began for to scold;  
*Hurrydan* was not able her *Clack* for to hold.

Both *Pell Mell* fell to't, and made this uproar,  
 With these complements, th'art a *Baud*, th'art a *Whore*,  
 The *Bauds* and the *Buttocks* that liv'd there around.  
 Came all to the Case, both *Pockey* and *Sound*;  
 To see what the reason was of this same fray,  
 That did so disturb them before it was day.

    If I tell you amiss,  
     Let me never more piss.  
 This *Buttock* so bold she named was *Siss*.

By *Quissing* with *Cullies* three pound she had got,  
 And but one part of four must fall to her lot;  
 Yet all the *Bauds* cry'd, let us turn her out bare,  
 Unless she will yield to return her half share,  
 If she will not we'll help to strip off her cloaths,  
 And turn her abroad with a slit o'the Nose.

    Who when she did see  
     There was no Remedy,  
 For her from the tyrannous *Bauds* to get free,

The *Whore* from the Money was forced to yield,  
and in the conclusion the *Baud* got the field.

*An Elegy on Mountfort. To the foregoing Tune. .*

I

Door *Mountfort* is gon, and the Ladies do all  
Break their hearts for this Beau, as they did for *Duvall*,  
and they the two bratts for this Tragedy damn  
at *Kensington Court*, and the Court of *Bantam*;  
They all vow and Swear  
That if any Peer  
shou'd acquit this young Lord, he shou'd pay very dear,  
for will they be pleased with him who on Throne is,  
he do's not his part to revenge their *Adonis*.

II

With the Widow their amorous Bowels do yearn  
there are divers pretend to an equal concern;  
and by her perswasion their hearts they reveal  
a case if not guilty to bring an appeal  
They all will unite  
The young Blade to indict,  
and in prosecution will joyn day and night,  
the Mean-time full many a tear and a Groan is,  
there-ever they meet for their departed *Adonis*.

III

With the Ladies foul Murther's a horrible sin  
one handsome without, tho' a Coxcomb within,  
not being a Beau, the sad fate of poor Crab  
tho' himself hang'd for love, was a jest to each drab.  
Then may *Fering* live long  
And may *Risby* among  
the Fair with *Jack Barkley* and *Culpepper* throng:  
y no Ruffin whose heart as hard as a Stone is  
any of those for a Brother *Adonis*.



## IV

No Lady hence-forth can be safe with her Beau,  
 They think if this slaughter unpunish'd should go,  
 Their Gallants, for whose Persons they most are in Pa  
 Must no sooner be envy'd, but straight must be slain.

For all B— shape

None Car'd for the Rape

Nor whether the Virtuous their lust did escape.  
 Their trouble of mind; and their anguish alone is:  
 For the too sudden fate of departed *Adonis*.

## V

Let not every vain Spark think that he can engage  
 The heart of a female, like one on the Stage,  
 His Flute, and his Voice, and his Dancing are Rare,  
 And wherever they Meet, they prevail with the Fair; But

But no quality Fop

Charms like Mr. Hop,

Adorn'd on the Stage, and in East-India Shop,  
 So, that each from *Mis felton* to ancient *Drake* *Joan* in With  
 Bemoaning the death of the Player *Adonis*. To o  
 To f

## VI

Yet *Adonis* in spite of this new abjuration,  
 Did banter the lawful King of this great nation:  
 Who call'd God's anointed a foolish old Prig,  
 Was both a base and unmannerly Whigg.

But Since he is Dead,

No more shall be said,

For he in repentance has laid down his head.  
 So, I wish each Lady, who in mournful tone is,  
 In charity Grieve for the death of *Adonis*.

That  
 And t  
 In his  
 With  
 And t  
 And d  
 Like a  
 sailed  
 Trave

OLD SOLDIERS.



OF old Soldiers, the song you would hear,  
And we old Fiddlers, have forgot who they were;  
But all we remember, shall come to your Ear,  
*That we are old Soldiers of the Queens,  
And the Queens old Soldiers.*

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man,  
To *Old Franciscus*, who first it began  
To sail through the straights of *Magellan*,  
*Like, an old Soldier &c.*

That put the proud *Spanish Armado* to wrack,  
And travel'd all o'er the old world and came back,  
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack;  
*Like, &c.*

With an *Old Candish*, that seconded him,  
And taught his old Sailles the same passage to Swim;  
And did them therefore, with Cloath of Gold Trim;  
*Like, &c.*

Like an old *Raleigh*, that twice and again,  
Sailed over most part of the Seas and then,  
Trayell'd all o'er the old World with his Pen;  
*Like, &c.*

With

With an old *John Norris*, the General,  
That at old *Gault*, made his Fame Immortal,  
In spight of his foes, with no loss at all.

*Like, &c.*

Like old *Brest Fort*, an invincible thing,  
When the old *Queen* sent him, to help the *French King*  
Took from the proud *Fox*, to the worlds wondring,

*Like &c.*

Where an old stout *Fryer*, as goes the story,  
Came to push of Pike with him in vain-glory,  
But he was almost sent to his own Purgatory;

*By this old Souldier, &c.*

With an old *Ned Norris*, that kept *Ostend*,  
A terrour to Foe, and a refuge to Friend,  
And left it impregnable to his last End?

*Like &c.*

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,  
March'd o're the old bridge, and knockt at the wall,  
Of *Lisbon*, the Mistress of *Portugal*;

*Like &c.*

With an old *Tim Norris*, by the old *Queen* sent,  
Of *Munster* in *Ireland*, Lord president,  
Where his Days and his Blood, in her service he spent

*Like an old Souldier, &c.*

With an old *Harry Norris* in Battle wounded  
In his Knee, whole Leg was cut off, and he said,  
You have spoyl'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed;

*Like &c.*

With an old *Will Norris*, the oldest of all,  
Who went voluntary, without any call,  
To th'old *Irish Warrs*, to's fame Immortal;

*Like &c.*

*Pull, ye Purg'd Militancy.*

With an old *Dick Wenman*, the first in his prime,  
That over the walls of old *Cales* did Clime,  
And there was Knighted, and liv'd all his time ;  
*Like &c.*

With an old *Nando Wenman*, when *Brest* was o'erthrown,  
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,  
Yet bravely recovering, long after was know ;  
*For an old &c.*

With an old *Tom Wenman*, whose bravest delight,  
Was in a good cause for his Country to fight,  
And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight ;  
*And an old, &c.*

With a young *Ned Wenman*, so valiant and bold,  
In the wars of *Bohemia*, as with the Old,  
Deserves for his valour to be Enroll'd ;  
*An old &c.*

And thus of Old Soldiers, ye hear the fame,  
But nere so many of one house and name,  
And all of old *John Lord Vescoun* of *Thame* ;  
*An old Souldier of the Queens,*  
*And the Queens old Souldier,*

*The Hopeful Bargain: Or a Fare for a Hackney Coachman, giving a Comical relation, how an Ale-draper at the Sign of the Double-tooth'd Rake in or near the new Palace-yard, Westminster, Sold his wife for a Shilling, and how she was sold a second time for five shillings to Judge; My Lord—— Coachman, and how her Husband receiv'd her again after she had lain with other Folks three days and nights, &c. The Tune Lilly Bolero.*



**T**Here lives an Ale-draper near New-palace-yard,  
 Who used to Jerk the Bum of his wife,  
 And she was forced to stand on her Guard,  
 To keep his clutches from her Quoiff.

She



She poor soul the weaker vessel  
To be reconcil'd was easily won,  
He held her in scorn,  
But she Crown'd him with Horn,  
*Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.*

He for a Shilling sold his Spouse,  
And she was very willing to go,  
And left the poor Cuckold alone in the House :  
That he by himself his Horn might blow.  
A Hackney Coach-man he did buy her ;  
And was not this a very good Pun ?  
With a dirty Pinner,  
As I am a Sinner,  
*Without Hood or Scarff, but rough, &c.*

The Woman gladly did depart,  
Between three men was handed away,  
He for her husband did care not a fart,  
He kept her one whole night and day,  
Then honest *Judge* the Coach man bought her ;  
And was not this most cunningly done ?  
Gave for her five Shilling,  
To take her was willing,  
*Without Hood and Scarff, but rough. &c.*

The Cuckold to *Judge* a Letter did send,  
Wherein he did most humbly crave ;  
Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,  
My Spouse again I fain would have,  
And if you will but let me have her,  
I'll pardon what she e're has done,  
I swear by my Maker,  
Again I will take her,  
*Without Hood or Scarff, and rough, &c.*

He sent an old Baud to interceed,  
And to perswade her to come back,  
That he might have one of her delicat breed :  
And he would give her a ha'p'uth of Sack.

26      *Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Therefore prithee now come to me,  
Or else poor I shall be undone,  
Then do not forgo me,  
But prithee come to me,  
*Without Hood or Scarff, tho' rough, &c.*

The Coachman then with much ado,  
Did suffer the Baud to take her out,  
Upon the condition that she would be true,  
And let him have now and then a Bout.  
But he took from her forty Shillings,  
And gave her a parting Glass at the Sun.  
And then with good buy'te ye,  
Discharged his Duty,  
*And turn'd her a grazing, rough as she run.*

The Cuckold invited the Coachman to dine,  
And gave him a Treat at his own expence,  
They drown'd all Caves in full brimmers of Wine:  
He made him as welcome as any Prince,  
There was all the Hungregation,  
Which from Cuckolds-Point was come,  
They kissed and Fumbled,  
They towzed and tumbled,  
*He was glad to take her rough as she run.*

Fudge does enjoy her where he list,  
He values not the old Cuckold's pouts,  
And she is as good for the Game as e're pift,  
Fudge on his Horns sits drying of Clouts,  
She rants and revels when she pleases,  
And to end as I begun  
The Horned Wife-acer  
Is forced to take her,  
*Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.*

*The Maiden Lottery : Containing 70 Thousand Tickets, at a Guinea each ; the Prizes being Rich and Loving Husbands, from three Thousand to one Hundred a Year, which Lottery will begin to draw on next Valentine's Day.*

*Then pretty Lasses venter now,  
Kind Fortune may her smiles allow.*



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

**Y**oung Ladies that live in the City,  
Sweet beautiful proper and tall,  
And Country Maids who dabling wades,  
Here's happy good News for you all:  
A Lottery now out of hand,  
erected will be in the Strand,  
Young Husbands with treasure, and wealth out of measure  
will fairly be at your command;  
*Of her that shall light of a fortunate Lott;*  
*There's Six of three Thousand a Year to be got.*

I tell you the Price of each Ticket,  
it is but a Guinea, I'll vow:  
Then hasten away and make no delay,  
and fill up the Lottery now:  
If *Gillian* that lodges in Straw,  
shall have the good fortune to draw  
A Knight or a Squire, He'll never deny her,  
'tis fair and according to Law;  
*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,*  
*There's Ten of two Thousand a Year to be got.*

The number is seventy Thousand,  
When all the whole Lot is compleat;  
Five Hundred of which, are Prizes most rich,  
believe me for this is no Cheat.  
There's Drapers and Taylors likewise,  
brave Men that you cannot despise;  
Come *Bridget* and *Fenny*, and throw in your Guinea,  
a Husband's a delicate Prize:  
*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,*  
*There's Ten of one Thousand a Year to be got.*

Suppose you should win for your Guinea,  
a Man of three thousand a Year,  
Would this not be brave? what more would you have?  
you soon might in Glory appear,  
in glittering Coach you may ride,  
with Lackeys to run by your side,

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

For why should you spare it, faith, win Gold and wear it  
now who would not be such a bride?  
*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,  
There's sixty, five hundreds a year to be got.*

Old Widows, and Maids above forty,  
shall not be admitted to draw;  
There's five hundred and ten, as proper young Men;  
indeed, as your eyes ever saw,  
Who scorns for one Guinea of Gold  
to lodge with a Woman that's old;  
Young Maids are admitted, in hopes to be fitted,  
with Husbands couragious and bold;  
*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,  
There are wealthy kind Husbands now, now, to be got.*

Kind Men that are full of good Nature,  
the flaxen, the black, and the brown,  
Both lusty and stout, and fit to hold out,  
the prime and the top of the Town,  
So clever in every part,  
they'll please a young Girl to the heart;  
Nay, kiss you, and squeeze you, and tenderly please you  
for Love has a conquering dart,  
*Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lott,  
There are wealthy kind Husbands now, now, to be got.*

Then never be fearful to venture,  
but Girls bring your Guineas away,  
Come merily in, for we shall begin  
to draw upon *Valentin's* day:  
The Prizes are many and great;  
each man with a worthy Estate;  
Then come away *Mary, Sib, Susan, and Sarah,*  
*Foan, Nancy, and pretty fac'd Kate,*  
*For now is the time if you'll purchase a Lott,  
While wealthy kind Husbands they are to be got.*

Amongst you I know their is many,  
will mis of a Capital Prize,



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Yet nevertheless, no sorrow express  
but dry up your watry eyes,  
Young Lasses it is but in vain,  
in sorrowful sighs to complain,  
When ne'er be faint hearted, tho' luck be departed,  
for all cannot reckon to gain,  
Yes venture young Lasses, your Guineas bring in,  
The Lucky will have the good fortune to win.

---

*A Song on the JUBILEE.*



Come Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs and Musicians,  
Away, and in Troops to the *Jubile* jog ;  
Leave Discord and Death to the Colledge Physicians,  
Let the Vig'rous Whore on, and the Impotent Flog:  
Al-

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

35

Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,  
And ev'ry Transgression her Lord will forgive ye,

II

Indulgences, Pardons, and such Holy Lumber,  
As cheap there is now as our Cabbages grown ;  
While musty old Reliques of Saints without number  
For barely the looking upon, shall be shown.

These were you an Atheist must needs overcome ye,  
That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.

III

They'll shew ye the River, so Sung by the Poets,  
With the Rock from whence Mortals were knockt o'th' head ;  
They'll shew ye the place too, as some will avow it,  
Where once a She Pope was brought fairly to Bed.  
For which, ever since, to prevent Interloping,  
In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groaping.

IV

What a sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accountred,  
With Mitre and Cap, and two Keys by his side ;  
Be his inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward,  
Shews *Servus servorum*, no hater of Pride,  
These Keys into Heav'n will as surely admit ye,  
As Clerks of a parish to a Pew in the City.

V

What a sight 'tis to see the old man in possession,  
Through *Rome* in such Pomp as her *Cæsars* did ride ;  
Now scattering of Pardons, here Crossing, there Blessing,  
With all his shav'd Spiritual Train'd-Bans by his side ;  
As, *Confessors*, *Cardinals*, *Monks* fat as Bacon,  
From Rev'rend *Arch-Bishops*, to Rosie *Arch Deacons*.

VI

Then for your Diversion the more to regale ye,  
Fine Music you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll see ;  
Men who much shall out warble your famous *Fideli*,  
And make ye meer Fools, of *Balloon* and L' *Abbe* ;

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

And to shew ye how fond they're to Kifs *Vostre Mamos*,  
Each *Padre* turns Pimp, all *Nuns* Courtezana's.

VII

And when you've some Months at old *Babylon* been-a,  
'And on Pardons, and Punks all your *Rhino* is spent;  
And when you have seen all, that's there to be seen-a  
You'll return not so Rich, tho' as Wise as you went:  
And'twill be but small Comfort after so much Expence-a  
That your Heirs will do just so an hundred Years hence-a

---

A SONG. *The Words made by Mr. D'Urfey;*  
*Set by Mr. D. Purcell.*



Pills to Purge Melancholy.



**Y**oung Philander woo'd me long,  
 I was peevish and forbad him;  
 Nor would hear his loving Song,  
 And yet now I wish, I wish, I had him;  
 For each morn I view my Glass,  
 I perceive the whim is going;  
 For when wrinkles streak the Face,  
 We may bid farewell to Wooing,  
 For when wrinkles streak the Face,  
 We may bid farewell to Wooing.

Use your time ye Virgins fair,  
 Choose ~~before your days are evil~~,  
 Fifteen is a Season rare,  
 Five and forty is the Devil;  
 Just when ripe consent to doo't,  
 Hugg no more the lonely Pillow;  
 Women like some other Fruit,  
 Loose their relish when too mellow.  
 :S: Women like some other Fruit,  
 Loose their relish when too mellow.

*Mon whilst the  
 Mon are  
 evil*

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*A Young Man's WILL.*



**A** *Young man* sick and like to dye;  
His last *Will* being written and found,  
I give my *Soul* to God on high,  
And my *Body* to the Ground :  
Unto some *Church-men* do I give  
Base minds to greedy *Lucre* bent,  
*Pride* and *Ambition* whilst they live :  
By this my *Will* and Testament.

Item poor folks *brown bread* I give,  
And eke *bare bones* with hungry cheeks ;  
*Toil* and *Travel* whilst they live,  
And to feed on *Roots* and *Leeks*,

Item



Item to Rich men I bestow,  
High *Looks*, low *Deeds* and hearts of flint,  
And that themselves they seldom know;  
By this &c.

Proud stately *Courtiers* do I Will,  
Two faces in one head to wear;  
For Great men *bribes* I think most fit,  
*Pride* and *oppression* through the year.  
*Tenants* I give them leave to lose,  
And *Landlords* for to raise their *Rent*;  
*Rogues* to *tawn* Collogue and glose,  
By this &c.

Item to *Soldiers* for their *Fees*,  
I give them *Wounds* their bodies full:  
And for to beg on bended knees,  
With Cap in hand to every *Gull*:  
Item I will poor *Schollars* have,  
For all their pains and Travel spent;  
*Rags*, *Faggs* and *Taunts* of every Knave,  
By this &c.

To *Shoemakers* I grant this Boon,  
Which *Mercury* gave them once before;  
Altho' they earn two pence by Noon,  
To spend 'ere night two Groats and more:  
And *Blacksmiths* when the work is done  
I give to them incontinent;  
To drink two Barrels with a Bun,  
By this &c.

To *Weavers* swift this do I leave,  
Against that may beseem them well:  
That they their good Wives do deceive,  
Bring home a yard and steal an ell.  
And *Taylors* too must be set down,  
A *Gift* to give them I am bent;  
To cut four sleeves to every Gown,  
By this &c.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

To Tavern haunters grant I more,  
Red eyes, Red nose and stinking breath:  
And doublets foul with drops before,  
And foul shame until their *Death*;  
And *Gamesters* that will never leave,  
Before their *Substance* be all spent:  
The wooden *Dagger* I bequeath,  
By this *Ge.*

To common *Fiddlers* I will that they,  
Shall go in poor and thread bare coats:  
And at most places where they play,  
To carry away more *Tunes* than *Groats*.  
To wandering *Players* I do give,  
Before their *Substance* be all spent:  
Proud silk'n *Beggars* for to live,  
By this *Ge.*

To *Wenching* smell-mocks give I these,  
Dead looks, gaunt purrs and crasy back:  
And now and then the foul *Disease*,  
Such as *Gill* gave to *Jack*.  
To *Parrators* I give them clear,  
For all their *Toll* and *Travel* spent:  
The Devil away such *Knaves* to bear,  
By this *Ge.*

I will that *Catpurses* haunt all *Fairs*,  
And thrust among the thickest throng;  
That neither *Purse* nor *Pocket* spare,  
But what they get to bare along:  
But if they *Falter* in their trade,  
And so betray their bad intent;  
I give them *Tyburn* for their share,  
By this *Ge.*

To Serving men I give this Gift,  
That when their strength is once decay'd:  
The master of such men do shift,  
As horsemen do a toothless *Jade*,

*Part to Punge Melancholy.*

Item I give them leave to *Pine*,  
For all their service so ill spent ;  
And with *Duke Humphry* for to Dine,  
By this &c.

Item to *Millers* I Grant withal,  
That they Spare nor Poke nor Sack ;  
But with *Grift*, so e'er befall,  
They Grind a Strike and steal a *Peck*.  
I will that *Butchers* Huff their Meat  
And sell a lump of *Ramish* scent ;  
For Wether *Mutton* good and sweet,  
By this &c.

I will *Ale Wives* punish their Guests,  
With hungry Cakes and little Cans :  
'And barm their drink with new found *Yeast*,  
Such as is made of *Pissot* grounds :  
And she that meaneth for to gain,  
And in her house have Mony spent ;  
I will she keep a pretty *Punk*,  
By this &c.

To jealous *Husbands* I do grant,  
Lack of Pleasure want of Sleep  
That *Lanthorn* horns they never want,  
Tho' ne'er so close their Wives they keep ;  
And for their Wives I will that they,  
The closer up that they are pent :  
The closer still they seek to play,  
By this &c.

For swearing *swaggerers* nought is left,  
To give them for a parting blow :  
But leaving off of damned Oaths,  
And that of them I will bestow.  
Item I give them for their pain,  
That when all hope and livelyhood's spent :  
'A wallet or a hempen Chain,  
By this my Will and Testament.

*Pipe to Purgatory.*

Time and longest Livers do I make,  
The supervisere of my Will :  
My Gold and Silver let them take,  
That will dig for't in *Malvein* hill.

*A New Song, Sung at the Play-house.*  
*By Mr. Dogget.*



**I**N the Devil's Country there lately did dwell,  
A crew of such Whores as was ne'er bread in Hell,  
The Devil himself he knows it full well,  
Which nobody can deny, deny ;  
Which nobody can deny.

There were Six of the gang, and all of a blood,  
Which open'd as soon as got into the bud  
There are five to be hang'd when the other proves good,  
Which nobody can deny &c.

But it seems they have hitherto Sav'd all their lives,  
Since they could not live honest there's four made Wives,  
The other two they are not Marry'd but Sw—,  
Which nobody can deny &c.

The

*Pills to Cure Melancholy.*

The Eldest the Matron of 'tother five Imps,  
Though as chaste as *Diana* or any o'th Nymphs  
Yet rather than Daughter shall want it the pimps,  
Which nobody can deny &c.

Damn'd proud and ambitious both old and the young,  
And not fit for honest men to come among  
A damn'd Itch in their Tail, and sting in their Tongue,  
Sing tantarra rara Whores all, Whores all,  
Sing tantarra rara Whores all.

---

A SONG.



**M**Arriage it seems is for Better for Worse,  
Some count it a Blessing and others a Curse:  
The Cuckold is blest if the Proverb prove true,  
And then there's no doubt but in heav'n there's enough  
Of honest rich Rogues who ne'er had got there,  
If their wives had not sent 'em thro' trembling and fear.  
Some



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Some Women are honest tho' rare in a wife,  
Yet with scoulding and brawling they'll shorten your life;  
You ne're can enjoy your bottle and friend,  
But your wife like an Imp is at your elbow's end,  
Crying fie, fie, you sot, come, come, come, come,  
So these are unhappy abroad and at home.

We find the Batchelor liveth best,  
Tho' Drunk or Sober he takes his rest,  
He never is troubled with scolding and strife,  
'Tis the best can be said of a very good wife,  
But merrily day and night does spend,  
Enjoying his Mistress, Bottle and Friend.

'A Woman out-wits us do what we can,  
She'll make a fool of ev'ry wise man:  
Old mother Eve did the Serpent obey,  
And has taught all her Sex that damnable way;  
Of Cheating and Cozening all Mankind,  
'Twere better if Adam had still been blind.

The poor Man that Marries he thinks he does well,  
I pity's condition for sure he's in Hell,  
The fool is a Sotting and spends all he gets,  
The Child is a Bawling the wife daily Frets,  
That Marriage is pleasant we all must agree,  
Consider it well there's none happier can be.

---

*A Satyr or Ditty, upon the farring of the two East-India Companies. By Mr. Dufsey.*





O Ne Morn as lately Musing,  
I went to the City to Poll,  
Where Members then were a chusing,  
I chanc'd to take up a Scroll,  
A ringing Jest by my Soul,  
It afterwards happen'd to be,  
For the first Words as I unrol'd,  
Were Agree, you rich Cucholds, Agree.

Tho' th' Authors Brains did Ramble,  
The Sence was Po'ynant and strong,  
I soon found by the preamble,  
'Twas made of a Trading Throng;  
That to *East-India* belong,  
As by the Matter you'll see,  
For the Burthen still of my Song,  
Was Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Their Golden Bags Increasing,  
The old Company purse proud grew,  
Till at last two Millions raising,  
Some others, set up a new;  
And they were for Trafficking too,  
And Cheating by Land and by Sea,  
And swore they'd t'other undo,  
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

Resolv'd to be thought Thrifty.  
They got Subscriptions like mad,

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Some wrote ten hundred and fifty,  
A Thousand more than they had,  
I thought 'em bewitch'd, by gad,  
Or that I some Vision did see,  
But the Old to truckle they made,  
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree;

A Thousand Rogues and Cheaters,  
In *Cornbill* you'd hear them call,  
The Tories, and the Tubmeeters,  
That roosted near *Leaden-Hall*,  
Oh how *Cheapside* too did bawl,  
At those in the Poltery,  
For shame leave ailing your Droll,  
And Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

To the Senate then with Vigour,  
The Old soon after adress'd,  
Tho' half were chows'd by the Tiger,  
That wond'rous politick Beast,  
The Whilst the unfortunate rest,  
In course outvoted must be,  
Was ever known such a Jest,  
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Tho' balk'd by this Digression,  
Yet moving another Spring,  
They made amens the next Session,  
And clearly carry'd the thing,  
To Court, their Case then they bring,  
And reverence made on the Knee,  
But the answer got from the K——  
Was agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

Tho' kept awhile at Distance,  
Yet least they should totally drop,  
They got a Legal Existence,  
And then were straight cock a hoop,  
But when the new ones did stoop,  
The t'other as huffing would be,

Now agen they got up,  
Come Agree, Stubborn Cuckolds, Agree.

The New with false sham Stories,  
Of which each noddle was full,  
Quipt Sir W. N.

An Envoy to the Mogul,  
And he did the Collony fool,  
With Tidings that never will be,  
Were e'er Stockjobbers so dull,  
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

The Old, that knew this Passage,  
And what Commission he bore,  
Jolly Lad, with a Message,  
To Contradiet it sent o'er,  
Another Pocket he wore,  
Five hundred Pounds was his Fee,  
It should have been as much more,  
Come, Agree to that Misers, Agree.

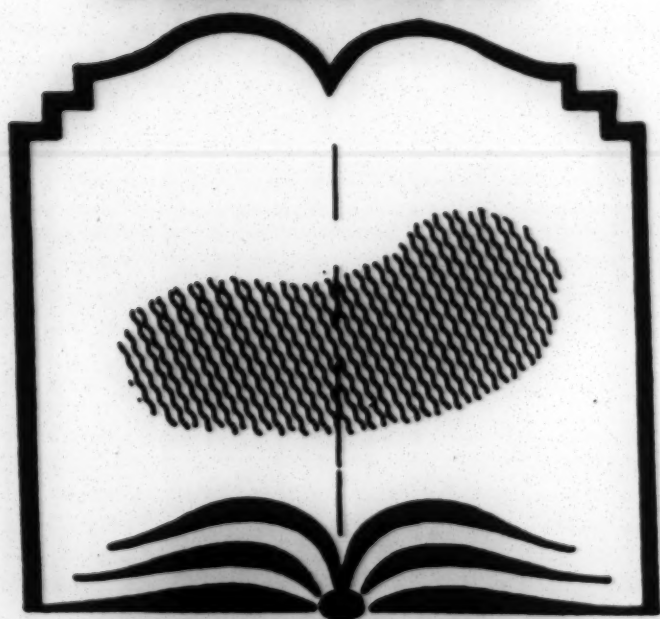
Ye Jarring Powers that rule us,  
What foolish doings are here,  
Whilst these two Factions fool us,  
No honest Man can appear,  
No Mayor be chose for a Year,  
But that some trick in't will be,  
Nor Knight can stand for the Shire,  
Come Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.

What hopes to have free Senates,  
Whilst you are playing this Game,  
And bribe the Boors and Tenants,  
Through Spite each other to tame,  
The Church too Faith has a Maim,  
Whilst Whigs, and high Tories, there be,  
Reform Reform, then for Shame,  
And Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, Agree.



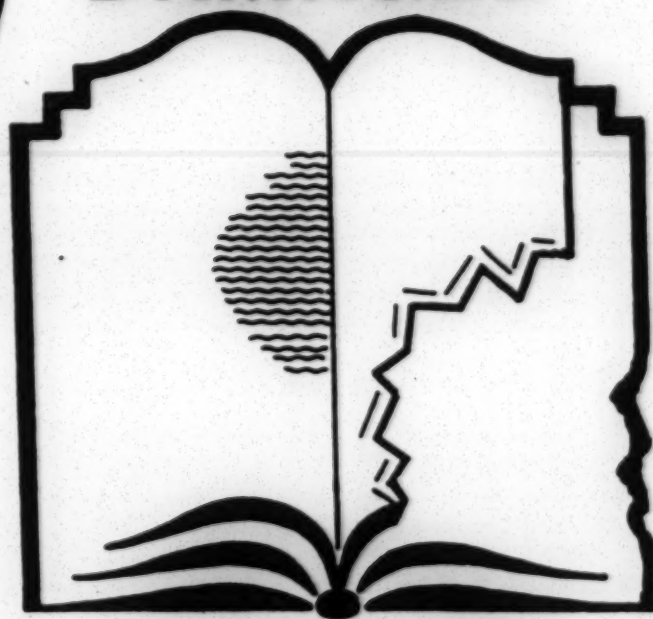
# **BEST COPY AVAILABLE**

**ORIGINAL**



**DIFFICULT  
TO READ**

**DAMAGED**



**TEXT OR  
BINDING**



A S O N G.



**T**He Cavaleer was gone, and the Roundhead he  
Was the greatest Blessing under the Sun; (co  
Before the Devil in Hell sally'd out and ript the Plack  
Ay, and take her Money too, (Let

Chor. *Cot blefs her Master Roundhead, and send her*

Now her can go to *shrewsperry* her Flanning for to  
Her can carry a creat sharge of Money about her,  
Thirty or Forty Groats lapt in a Welch Carter,  
Ay, and think her self rich too.

Chor. *Cot blefs, &c.*

Now her can coe to Shurch, or her can stay at home,  
Her can say her Lord's Prayer, or her can let it alone  
Her can make a Prayer of her own Head, lye with  
Ay, and say a long Crace too. (Holy Sift

Chor. *Cot blefs, &c.*

But yet for all the great Cood that you for her have don  
Would you wou'd make Peace with our King, and let  
(come hon

Put off the Military Charge, Impost and Excise,  
Ay, and free quarter too.

Chor. *Then Cot shall blefs your Master Roundhead,*  
*(send her well n*

SONG Sung by Mrs. Cross, Set by Mr.  
Jeremiah Clarke.



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**D**ivine *Astrea* hither flew,  
To *Cynthia's* brighter throne;  
She left the Iron World below,  
To bless the Silver Moon:  
She left the Iron World below,  
To bless the Silver Moon.

Tho' *Phœbus* with his hotter beams,  
Do's Gold in Earth Create;  
That leads those wretches to Extreame,  
Of Av'rice Lust and Hate.

**A S O N G** in the (Surpriz'd Lovers.) Set by  
John Eccles, Sung by Mr. Bowman.



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**W**hen first I saw her charming Face,  
Her taking Shap and moving Grace;  
My Rosie Cheeks, my Rosie Cheeks did glow with heat;  
My Heart and my Pulse did beat, beat, beat,  
My Heart and Pulse did beat;  
I wish'd for a, I wish'd for a, do you, do you guess what,  
Do you guess what makes Soldiers fight,  
Soldiers fight and States-men Plot;

Subdues us all in every thing,  
And makes, makes a Subject of a King,  
Still she deny'd, and I reply'd,  
Away she flew, I did pursue,  
At last I catch'd her fast;  
But oh! had you seen, but oh! had you seen;  
Had you seen what had past between;  
Oh! I fear, I fear, oh! I fear, I fear, oh! I fear,  
I fear, I fear, I have spoil'd her Wast.

A SONG on the Campaigners. The Words by  
Mr. Tho. D'Urfey, to a Tune of the late Mr. Hen-  
ry Purcell's.



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**N**ew Reformation, begins through the Nation,  
And our grumbling Sages, that hope for good wages,

Direct us the way:

Sons of Muses then Cloak your abuses,  
And least you shou'd trample on pious example,  
Observe and obey.

Time frenzy Curers, and stubborn Nonjurors,  
For want of Diversion, now Scourge the lew'd Times:  
They've hinted, they've Printed, our vein is profane  
And worst of all Crimes;

Dull clod pated Railers, Smiths Coblers and Colliers, *Sailors*  
Have damn'd all our Rhimes.

Under the Notion, of Zeal for devotion;  
The Humours has fir'd 'em, or rather inspir'd 'em,  
To tutor the Age:

But if in Season, you'd know the true reason;  
The hopes of Preferment, is what make the Vermin,  
Now rail at the Stage.

Cuckolds and Canters, with Scruple and Bantera;  
The old Forty-one Peal, against Poetry Ring:  
But let State Revolvers, and Treason Absolvers,  
Excuse me if I Sing,

The Rebel that chooses to cry down the Muses,  
Wou'd cry down the King.

*A Dialogue between a Town Sharper and his Hostess, Sung by Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Pate; Set to Music by Mr. Daniel Purcell.*

*Sharp.*



*Host.*



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

51



*Sharp.* **W** Hilt wretched Fools sneak up and down,  
Play hide and seek about the Town;  
Deprest by Depts, and Fortunes frown,  
By Duns too kept in awe:  
When ever my occasions call,  
And 'mongst my Creditors I fall;  
I've one fine Song that Pays 'em all;  
Fa, la, &c.

*Host.* Good morrow Sir, I'm glad to see,  
Your Humour is so brisk and free;  
I hope the better 'tis for me,  
If you your Purse will draw,  
Y'have been two years at Bed and Board,  
And I, Lord help me took your Word;  
But now must have what here is Scor'd,  
For all your Fa, la, la, la.

D 2

*Sharp.*

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*Sharp.* My purse sweet Hostess is but lank,  
But I have something else in bank;  
And you at home I'll kindly thank,  
With charming sweet *Sol fa*.  
We'll sit and Chaunt from Morn to Noon,  
No Nightingal in *May* or *June*,  
Did ever Sing so fine a Tune,  
As *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

*Host.* You take me for an Idiot sure,  
Will this fine Tune my debt secure,  
Or pay my Baker or my Brewer,  
Or keep me from the Law,  
To buy your Shirts there's Money lent,  
Besides in Meat and Drink more spent;  
And can you think I pay my Rent,  
With *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

*Sharp.* I'll teach thee such a pretty Song,  
Shall please the Rich, Poor, Old, and Young;  
Get thee a Husband Stout and Strong,  
Some Country rich Jack-Daw;  
Nay more I'll bring to quit my Scores,  
A crew of Topping Sons of Whores;  
Shall Drink all Night and Charm the Hours,  
With *fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

*Host.* Ye cunning Rogue this wheedling talk,  
You fancy will rub out my chalk;  
But I your sly design will balk,  
When you to Jay! I draw;  
Your boasted Song's a foolish thing,  
For do but you the Money bring,  
You'll find I can already sing,  
*Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

*Sharp.*

*Sharp.*



*Hoft.*



*Sharp.* Well since Dame Fortune is my Foe  
And that I must to Prison go;  
Let's have a Neat frisk or so,  
And then rub on the Law.

*Hoft.* Well since you're on the merry Pin,  
And make so slight the Counter-Gin;  
I'll do't and let the Tune begin,  
With Fa la &c.

*They Dance.*



*Sharp.* Has not my Dance in Humour Charm'd ?  
*Hoft.* I must confeis my Blood is warm'd.  
*Sharp.* And Heart I hope by Love alarm'd,  
           To laugh ha, ha, ha, ha.  
*Hoft.* You think you've catch'd me now I smile,  
*Sharp.* No that I'll do at Night dear child.  
*Hoft.* Well I'll the Bayliffs stop a while,  
           To try your Pa, la, &c.

A SONG Set by Mr. *Ackeroyde.*



**T**He *Devil* he pull'd off his *Jacket* of flame,  
the *Fryer* he pull'd off his *Cowle*,  
The *Devill* took him for a dunce of the Game,  
the *Fryer* took him for a *Fool*;  
He piqu'd, and repiqu'd so oft, that at last,  
he swore by the *Jolly fat Nuns*,  
If *Cards* came no better than those that are past,  
Oh! oh! I shall lose all my *Buns*.

## A SONG. Set by Mr. William Croft.

Sing the 1st. 6. lines to the 1st. Strain.



End with the 1st. Strain.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

**A** H! How sweet are the cooling Breeze,  
And the Blooming Trees,  
When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*;  
When we meet there,  
The Nightingale sing pretty Tales,  
Mistaking my Dear,  
For their Goddess *Aurora*:  
Gessamins and Roses,  
A Thousand pretty Poses;  
The Summers Queen discloses,  
And strews as she walks,  
Oh! *Venus*, oh! how sweet are the cooling Breeze;  
And the Blooming Trees,  
When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*,  
Passion, Devotion,  
She gains with each Motion;  
*Lutes* too, and *Flutes* too, are heard when she Talks,  
Oh *Venus*, oh! how sweet are the cooling Breeze,  
And the Blooming Trees,  
When into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*.

Young Gustavus, or the King of Sweeden's Health;  
Dedicated to all the Sweedish Merchants in London.  
The Words by Tho. D'Urfey, to a March  
of Mr. Jeremiah Clark's.

Sing the first 8 Lines to the first Strain, and the rest to the last.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*



**D**rink, my Boys, Drink and rejoyce,  
 There never was this hundred Years,  
 For *Europe* better Cause ;  
 The *Czar* is maul'd,  
 His Foxes hol'd,  
 In Shoals the Bears do fly ;  
 Tho' 'tis clear.  
 His sneaking here,  
 Was silly to be taught of us the Policy of War,  
 Yet who'd have thought the Frantick Sot,  
 Durst fall on our Ally ;  
 But he's gone,  
 He's quite undone,  
 His Money and Artillery the *Sweed* has won ;  
*French* Measures now will fail,  
 And *Spanish* wont prevail ;  
 This Action has turn'd the Scale ;  
 Follow then thou Flow'r of Men,  
 The Spirit of thy Ancestor revive again ;  
 And whilst they howl and rave,  
 A Bumper we will have,  
 A Health to Young *Gustave*.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*A New Song Translated from the French.*



**P**retty Parret, say when I was away,  
And in dull Absence pass'd the day  
What at home was doing?

With Chat and Play,

We are Gay,

Night and Day,

Good Chear and Mirth renewing;

Singing, Laughing all, Singing Laughing all, like pretty,

(pretty Posh.

Wa

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Was no Fop so rude, boldly to Intrude,  
And like a lawless Lover wou'd  
Court, and Teaze my Lady:

A Thing you know,  
Made for Show,  
Call'd a Beau,

Near her was always ready,  
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty Poll.

Tell me with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,  
And how she could with Patience bear,  
All he did and utter'd:

He still address'd,  
Still caress'd,  
Kiss'd and press'd;

Sung, Prattl'd, Laugh'd, and Flutter'd  
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Did he go away at the close of the Day,  
Or did he ever use to stay  
In a Corner dodging,

The want of Light,  
When 'twas Night,  
Spoil'd my sight:

But I believe his Lodging,

Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

---

*The Three Goddesses: Or, The Glory of Tunbridge  
Wells. The Words by Mr. D'Urfey, made to  
a Tune of Mr. Barretts.*



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*



Leave

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Have, leave the drawing Room,  
Where Flowers of Beauty us'd to Bloom,  
The Nymph fated to o'recome,  
Now Triumphs at the Wells;  
Shape Air, and Charming Eyes,  
Her Face the Gay, the Grave and Wise,  
The Beaus spite of Box and Dice,  
Acknowledge all Excells;  
Cease, Cease to ask her Name,  
The Crown'd Muses noblest Theam,  
Whose Graces by Immortal Fame,  
Should only Sounded be,  
But if you long to know,  
Look round yonder Dazling Row,  
And who does most like an Angel show,  
You may be sure is she.

See near the Sacred Springs,  
That cure to feel Diseases brings,  
As Lond Fame of Idia Sings,  
Three Goddesses appear,  
Wealth, Glory too possest,  
The third with Charming Beauty blest,  
So rare Heaven and Earth confest,  
She conquered every where,  
Like her this Charmer now.  
Makes all Love-sick Gazers bow,  
Nay even old Age the Flame allow,  
That influences all,  
Wealth can no Trophy rear,  
Nor bright Fame the Garland wear,  
To Beauty every *Paris* here,  
Devotes the Golden Ball.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*A Song by a Person of Honour. Set by Mr. J. Weldon.*



**A**T Noon in a sultry Summer's day,  
The brightest Lady of the May,  
Young *Cloris* Innocent and Gay,

Sat



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Sat Knotting in a shade:  
Each slender Finger play'd its part,  
With such activity and Art;  
As wou'd in-flame a Youthful Heart,  
And warm'd the most decay'd:

Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by;  
She had him quickly in her Eye,  
Yet when the Bashful Boy drew nigh,  
She wou'd have seem'd afraid,  
She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,  
And hurl'd away the twisted Ball;  
Then gave her *Strepson* such a call,  
As wou'd have wak'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth is't none but thee?  
With Innocence I dare be free;  
By so much trust and modesty,  
No Nymph was e'er betray'd,  
Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,  
While thy soft Cheeks I stroak and clap;  
Thou may'st securely take a Nap,  
Which he poor Fool, Obey'd.

He saw him Yan and heard him Snore,  
And found him fast asleep all o're;  
He sigh'd——and cou'd no more,  
But Starting up she said,  
Such Vertue shou'd rewarded be,  
For this thy dull fidelity;  
I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me,  
Pursue thy Grazing trade.

Go milk thy Goats and Sheer thy Sheep,  
And watch all night thy Flocks, to keep;  
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep,  
By me mistaken Maid.

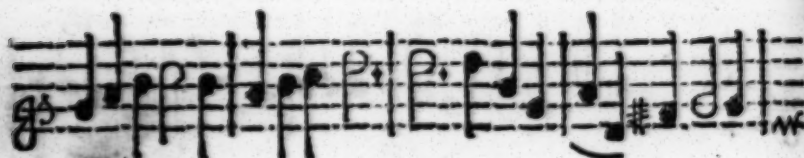
*A Song. Set by Mr. Jeremy Clark.*



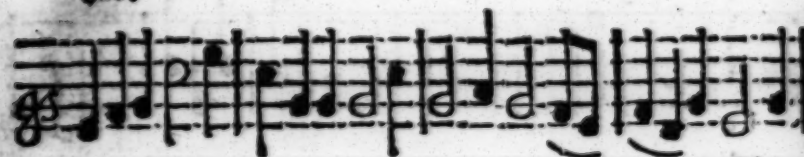
While the Lover is thinking,  
With my Friend I'll be Drinking,  
And with Vigour pursue my Delight,  
While the Fool is designing  
His fatal confining,  
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole Night,  
With the God I'll be Jolly,  
Without Madness or Folly.  
Fickle Woman to Marry Implore,  
Leave my Bottle and Friend,  
For so Foolish an end,  
When I do may I never drink more.

*The Country-Dialogue made by Mr. Tho : D'Urfey,  
Set by Mr. Daniel Purcel, Sung by Mr. Peirson  
and Mrs. Harris at Mrs. Mynna's Booth in  
Bartholomew-Fair.*

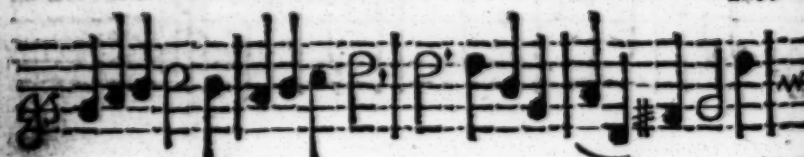
*He.*



*She.*



*He.*



*She.*

*He.*



*She.*



He.



**W**Here Oxen do Low,  
And Apples do grow ;  
Where Corn is sown,  
And Grass is mown ;  
Where Pigeons do fly,  
And Rooks Nestle high ;  
ate give me for Life a Place :  
Where Hay is well Cock'd,  
And Udders are Stroak'd,  
Where Duck and Drake,  
Cry quack, quack, quack ;  
Where Turkeys lay eggs,  
And Sows suckle Pigs,  
Oh ! there I would pass my days.  
On nought we will feed,  
But what we do breed ;  
And wear on our backs,  
The wool of our flocks ;  
And tho' Linnen feel rough,  
Spun from the wheel,  
Is cleanly tho' coarse it comes.  
Town follies and Cullies,  
And Molleys and Dolleys,  
For ever adiu, and for ever ;

*She* And Beans that in Boxes,  
Lye snugling their Doxies,  
With Whiggs that hang down to Bums.

II.

*He* Good b'ye to the Mall,  
The Park and Canal ;  
St. James's Square,  
And Flaunters there:  
The Gaming house too,  
Where high Dice and low,  
*Are* manag'd by all degrees:  
*She* Adieu to the Knight,  
Was bubbled last night,  
That keeps a Blowz,  
And beats his spouse ;  
And now in great haste,  
To pay what he's lost,  
Sends home to cut down his Trees,  
*He* And well fare the Lad,  
*She* Improves e'ery Clad,  
*He* That ne'er sets his hand,  
To Bill or to Bond,  
*She* Nor barter his Flocks,  
For Wine or the Pox,  
To chouse him of half his Days :  
*He* But Fishing and Fowling,  
And hunting and Bowling,  
His Pastime is ever, and ever ;  
*She* Whose Lips when you buss 'em,  
Smell like the Bean-blossom,  
Oh he 'tis shall have my praise !

III

govern where goes  
Apples and Sloes.  
Adieu !  
Well too,

The  
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*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

The House of the Great,  
Whose cook has no Meat,  
Butler can't quench my Thirst:  
Good b'bye to the Change,  
Where Rantepoles range;  
Farewel cold Tea,  
And Rattafec,  
Hide-Park too, where Pride  
In Coaches do ride,  
Altho' they be choak'd with Dust,  
He. Farewel the Law-Gown,  
He. The plague of the Town,  
He. And Foe to the Crown,  
That should be run down;  
He. With City-Jack-daws,  
That make Staple-Laws,  
To Measure by Yards and Ells.  
He. Stock-Jobbers and Swobbers,  
And Packers and Tackers,  
For ever adieu, and for ever;  
Cho. *We know what you're doing,  
And home we're both going.  
And so you may ring the Bells.*

*A Health to the Tackers.*





**H**ere's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,  
 But mine A—se for the Tackers about,  
 May the brave *English* Spirits come in,  
 And the Knaves and Fanaticks turn out:  
 Since the Magpyes of late, are confounding the State,  
 And wou'd pull our Establishments down,  
 Let us make 'em a Jest, for they shit in their Nest  
 And be true to the Church and the Crown.

Let us choose such Parliament Men  
 As have stuck to their Principles tight,  
 And wou'd not their Country betray  
 In the Story of *Ashby* and *White*,  
 Who care not a T—d, for a Whig or a Lord,  
 That won't see our Accounts fairly stated,  
 For C——ll ne're Fears the Address of those Peers,  
 Who the Nation of Millions have Cheated.

The next thing adviseable is,  
 Since Schism so strangely abounds,  
 To oppose e'ry Man that's set up  
 By Dissenters in Corporate Towns,  
 For High Church, and Low Church, has brought us to  
 And Conscience so bubbld the Nation, (Church  
 For who is not still, for Conformity Bill  
 Will be surely a R———on Occasion.

*The Loyal Scot, or, the Kings Health. A New  
SONG. The Words made to a Pretty Scotch  
Tune.*

Note : You must Sing 8 Lines to each Strain.





**N**OW the ground is hard Froze. and cawd Winter is come,  
 And our Master great *Willy* from *Holland's* got home,  
 Now the Parliament Leards are sat down to command,  
 I've gang o'er the *Tweed* into bonny *England*;  
 I've oft heard of *Willy* in *Edinburgh* town,  
 Of his muckle great Deeds and his gallant Renown;  
 But I ne'er saw his face yet, nor kiss'd his fair Hand,  
 So I've gang for that Honour to bonny *England*.

To save us in season he cross'd o'er the Seas,  
 Turn'd out Popish Rats that were Eating our Cheese;  
 Reliv'd us from *Rome* when we aw were trapan'd,  
 'Twas weel he came hither for bonny *England*;  
 He fought for our freedom, and finish'd the work,  
 He rooted out Mass, and he Licens'd the Kirk;  
 He Peace too secur'd spight of all durst withstand,  
 For th' profit and honour of bonny *England*.

He vallyourously, vallyourously Life did expose,  
 Then generously, generously guard him from foes;  
 Nea mear o'th' Army send heam, and disband,  
 Ye Deaughty Law makers of bonny *England*.  
 But merry, merry be, very merry ye Lads of *White-Hall*,  
 Sing derry, derry down, derry, derry down, derry, derry  
 [down all]

And to Royal *Willy* take six in a hand,  
 Ye Jolly brave Topers of bonny *England*.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Anthony Young.



S Ince *Celia* only has the Art,  
 And only She can captivate;  
 And wanton in my Breast,  
 All other pleasure I despise:  
 Than what are from my *Celia's* Eyes;  
 In her alone I'm Blest.

When e'er She Smiles new Life She gives,  
 And happy, happy who receives;  
 From her Inchanting Breath:  
 Then prithee *Celia* smile once more,  
 Since I no longer must adore,  
 For when you frown 'tis death,



A SONG.



AH! how lovely sweet and dear,  
Is the kind relenting fair,  
Who R<sup>e</sup>prieve us in Despair;  
Oh! that thus my Nymph wou'd say,  
Come, come my dear, thy cares repay,  
Be Blest my Love, be mine to day,  
Come, come my dear, thy cares repay,  
Be Blest my Love, be mine to day.

A SONG. Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.



**A**dvance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,  
 Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,  
 Loud Eccho spread my Voice,  
 Loud Eccho spread my Voice,  
 Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, loud Eccho,  
 Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, spread my Voice,  
 Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain,  
 Advance, advance, advance, Gay Tenants of the Plain.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

A SONG Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.



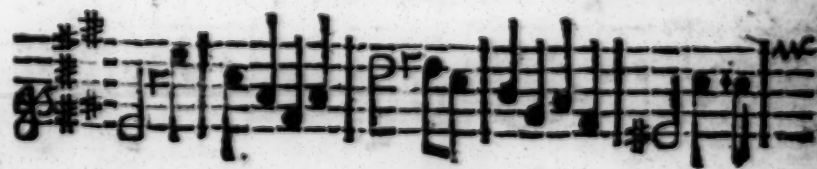
*Pills to Purge Melancholy!*



O ease, cease of Cupid to complain,  
Love, Love's a joy ev'n while a pain;  
Oh! then think! oh! then think?  
Oh! then think how great his Blissess,  
Moving Glances, Balmy Kisses,  
Charming Raptures, matchless Sweets,  
Love, Love alone, Love, Love alone,  
Love, Love alone, all joys compleats.

---

*A SONG, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.*



*To Purg. Melancholy.*



**C**ome, come ye Nymphs  
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,  
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,  
*Galatea* leaves the Main,  
 To revive us on the Plain,  
 To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the Plain;  
 Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,  
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,  
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain?  
*Galatea* leaves the Main,  
 To revive us on the Plain,  
 To revive us on the plain,  
 Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.

---

*A SONG. Set by Mr. John Barrett.*





*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

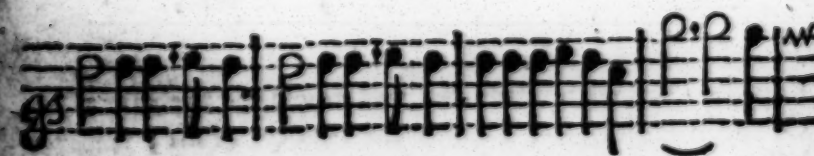


**I** *Ante* the Lovely, the joy of her Swain;  
 By *Iphis* was Lov'd and Lov'd *Iphis* again;  
 She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair;  
 Their pleasure was equal, and equal their Care:  
 No Time, no Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew;  
 But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,  
 Still the fonder they grew,

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,  
 Some Envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain,  
 Some swore 'twould be pitty their Loves to invade,  
 That the Lovers alone for each other was made:  
 But all, all consented, that none ever knew;  
 A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,  
 Or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw 'em with Pleasure, and vow'd to take care:  
 Of the Faithful, the Tender the Innocent Pair;  
 What either did want, he bid either to move,  
 But they wanted nothing, but ever to Love:  
 Said, 'twas all that to bless 'em his God-head cou'd do,  
 That they still might be kind, that they still might be kind,  
 And they still might be true.

A S O N G.





**B**Ring out your Cunny Skins,  
 Bring out your Cunny Skins Maids to me,  
 And hold them fair that I may see,  
 Gray, Black and Blew, for the smaller Skins,  
 I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins,  
 And for your whole Cunny  
 Here's ready Mony,  
 Come gentle *Joan* do thou begin,  
 With thy Black Cunny, thy Black Cunny Skin,  
 And *Mary* and *Joan* will follow,  
 With their Silver Hair'd Skins and Yellow,  
 The White Cunny Skin I will not lay by,  
 For though it be faint it is fair to the Eye,  
 The Gray it is worn, but yet for my Mony,  
 Give me the bonny benny black Cunny;  
 Come away fair Maids your Skins will decay,  
 Come and take Mony Maids put your Wares away,  
 Ha'ye any Cunny Skins, ha'ye any Cunny Skins,  
 Ha'ye any Cunny Skins here to sell.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*The Words by Mr. Clossold, Set by Mr. John Wilford.*



**N** Ay pish, nay pish, nay pish Sir, what ailes you; Lord!  
(what is't you do?)

I ne'er met with one so uncivil as you;

You may think as you please, but if evil it be,

I wou'd have you know, your mistaken in me.

You Men now, so rude and so boistrous are grown,

A Woman can't trust her self with you alone:

I cannot but wonder what 'tis that shou'd move ye?

If you do so again, I swear, I swear, I swear, I swear, I  
swear I won't love ye.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

A S O N G. Sett by Mr. Motley.



**D**raw *Cupid* draw, and make fair *Sylvia* know ;  
 The mighty pain, her suf'ring Swain does for her un-  
 Convey this Dart, into her Heart, and when she's set on-  
 Do thou return, and let her burn, like me in chafte desire ;  
 That by experience she, may learn to pittie me,  
 When e're her Eyes, do Tyrannize, o'er my Captivity,  
 But when in Love, we joyntly move, and tenderly imbrace,  
 Angels shine, and sweetly Join, to one anothers Face.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*A Song, the Words by a Person of Quality, Set to Music, by Mr. Robert Cary.*



**S**ome brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their *Phillis*;  
Some cry up their *Calia's*, and bright *Amaryllis*,  
Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,  
And Goddesses fram'd, from the Wash-bowl and Tub:  
But away with these Fictions, and Counterfeit Folly,  
There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my *Dolly*.

I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit,  
Like Manna to each She's a Relishing Bit !  
She alone by Enjoyment, the more does prevail,  
And still with fresh Pleasures, does hoist up your Sail :  
Nay had you a Surfeit but took of all others,  
One, Look from my *Dolly* your Stomack recovers,

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*The French Lover.*

Note : You must sing the first 4 lines to the first Strain.

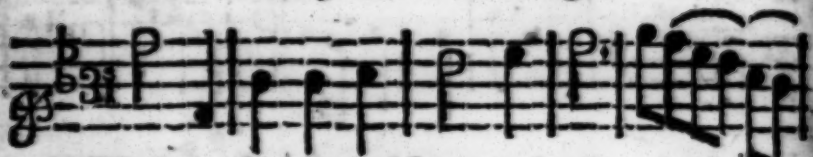


**D**earest believe me without Reservation.  
What neither Time nor Fate shall e'er controul;  
Be you but kind and constant to your passion,  
No stormy change shall e'er disturb my Soul:  
Jealousie, the bane to Lovers pleasures,  
Far from our Hearts for ever will remove,  
My full Joy, what mortal then can measure,  
Happy in my charming *Musidora's* love.

When with a Friend abroad I take a Bottle,  
Over your *Tea* regale with who you can;  
Or if you find me with a Vizard Prattle,  
Do you the same with any other Man:  
For *Chloe's* Face when Ogling I shew Passion,  
'Tis all but feign'd, I can ne'er inconstant be;  
And when at large I tope the red Potation,  
'Twill but more inflame my Heart with Love of thee.

*The*

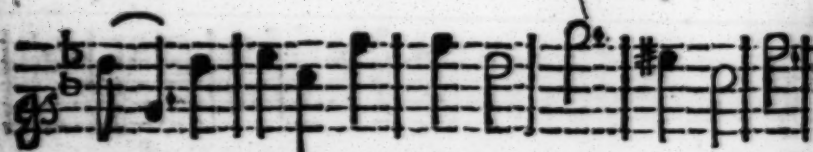
*The Mountebank. SONG, Sung by Dr. Leverigo  
and his merry Andrew Pinkanello, in Farewel  
to Folly. Sett by Mr. Leveridge.*



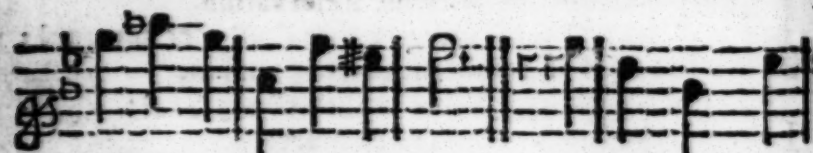
**H**ere are People and Sports, of all size and



forts, Coach'd Damsel with Squire, and Mob in the



Mire, Tarpaulins, Trugmallions, Lords, Ladys, Sows,



Babies, and Loobes in Scores. Some howling, some



Bawling, some Leering, some Fleering, some Loving, some



Shoving, with Legions of Furbelow'd Whores. To the

Ta



Tavern, some go, and some to a Show, see Poppets, for



Moppets, Jack-puddings, for Cuddens, Rose Dancing,



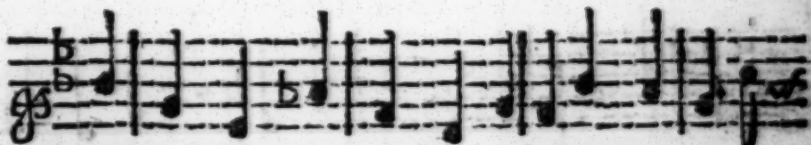
Mares prancing, Boats flying, Quacks lying, pick-pockets,



Pick plackets, Beasts, Butchers, and Beaus. Fops



prat'ling. Dies rat'ling, Rooks shaming, Puts Daming,



Whores painted, Mask's tainted, in Tally-mans Furbe—

—low'd



—low'd cloath. The Mobs joys would you know, to you



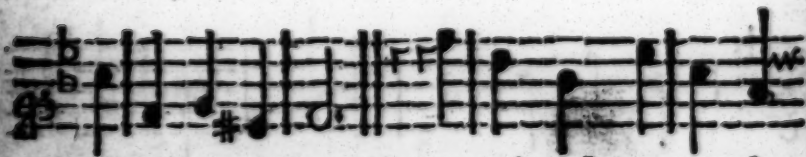
Musick-house go, see Tailors, and Saylors, Whores



Oily in Doily, hear Musick, makes you sick : Cows



Skipping, Clowas Friping, some Joaking, some Smoaking,



like Spiggot and Tapp; Short measure, strange pleasure,



thus Billing, and Swilling, some yearly, get fairly, for

Fair-



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*



Fairings Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

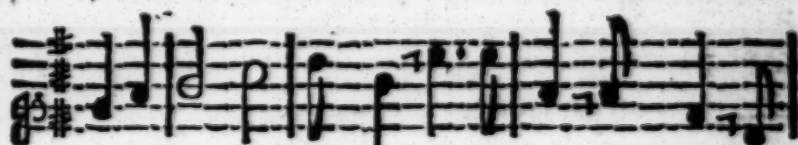
*The Mountebank SONG; Set and Sung by Mr. Leveridge. in a New Play call'd Farewel to Folly.*



**S**EE, Sirs, see here! a Doctor rare, who travels



much at home! Here take my Bills, take my Bills, I



cure all Ills, past, present, and to come; the Cramp, the



Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch, the Gout, the Stone, the



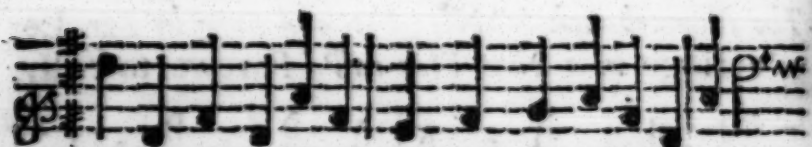
Pox, the Mulligrubs, the Bonny Scrubs, and all, all,

all

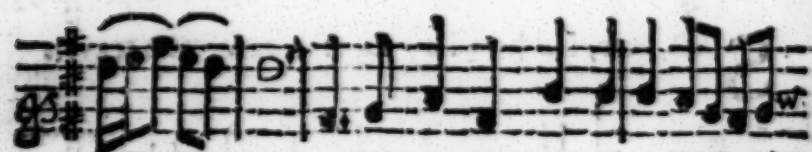
Pills to Purge the Spleen.



all, all, all, *Pandora's Box*, Thousands I've Dissected,



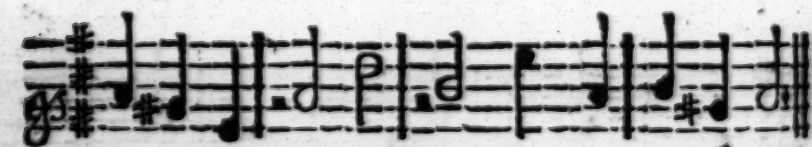
Thousands new created, and such Cures effected, as none



e'er can tell, Let the Palsie shake ye, let the Chol-



—lick rack ye, let the Crinkums break ye, let the Mur-



—rain take ye; Take this take this and you are well.



Thousands &c. Come wits so keen, devour'd with

Spleen



Spleen; come Beau's who sprain'd your Backs,



Great-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades, and pepper'd



Vizard Cracks. I soon remove the pains



of Love, and cure the Love-sick Maid; the Hot, the



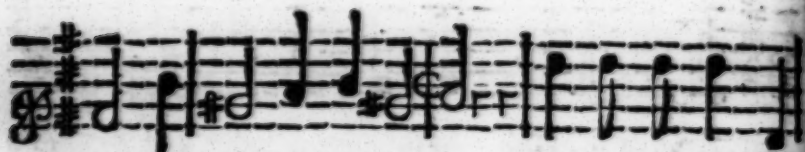
Cold, the Young, the Old, the Living and the



Dead. I clear the Lads with wainf-coat face, and  
from



from Pim-ginets free, Plump Ladies Red, like *Saracen's*



—head, with toaping Rat-tatie. This with a Jirk, will



do your work, and scour you o'er and o'er, Read,



Judge and Try, and if you die, never believe me



more, never, never, never, never,



never be-lieve me more.

*A Match at Stool-ball, the Words made to Ground  
by Mr. Thomas D'urfrey.*



Come all, great, small, short, tall, away to Stoolball,



Down in a Vale on a Summers day, all the Lads and



Lasses met to be Merry; Will and Tom, Hall, Dirk and



Hugh, Kate, Doll, Sue, Bess and Moll, with Hodge, and



Bridget, and James, and Nanny; but when plump



Griß, got the Ball in her Mutton Fift, once fretted,  
She'd





she'd hit it farther than any; Running, Haring,



Gaping, Staring, Reeling, Stopping, Hollowing,



Whooping, Sun a setting, all thought fitting, by con-



—sent to rest 'em; *Hall* got *Sue*, and *Doll* got *Huzb*, all



took by turns their Lasses and Buss'd 'em. Jolly



*Ralph* was in with *Peg*, tho' freckl'd like a *Turkey Egg*, and

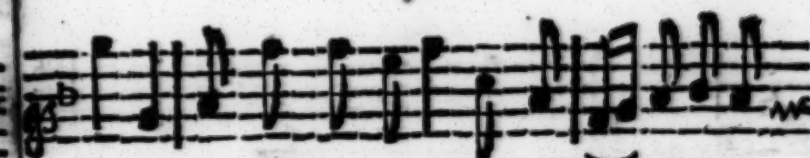
the



the as right as is my Leg, still give him leave to



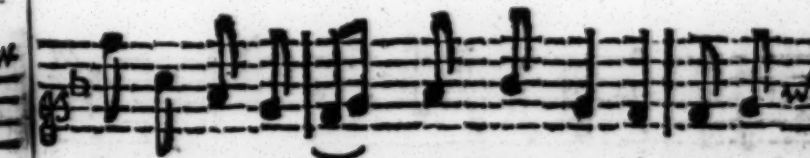
towze her. *Harry* then to *Katy* swore, her Duggs were



pretty, tho' they were all sweaty, and large as any



Cows are. *Tom* melancholy was with his Lafs; for *Sue*

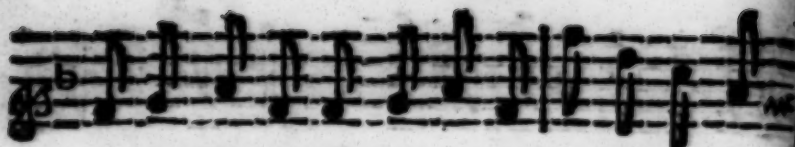


do what e'er he cou'd, wou'd not note him. Some had



told her, b'ing a Soldier in a party, with *Mac-carry*,

at



at the seige of *Limrick*, he was wounded in the



*Scrotum*. But the cunning *Philly*, was more kind to *Willy*,



who of all their Ally, was the ablest Ringer;



He to carry on the Jest, begins a Bumper to the



best, and winks at her of all the rest, and squeez'd her



by the Finger. Then went the Glasses round,

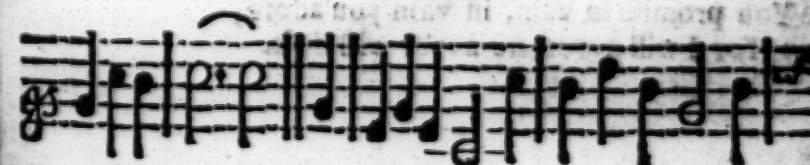


then went the Lasses down, each Lad did his



Sweet-heart own, and on the Grass did fling her.

*A SONG in the (Mock Marriage,) Sung by Mrs. Knight. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*



E

Oh!

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*



**O** H how you protest and Solemly swear,  
 Look humble and fawn like an Als;  
 I'm pleas'd I must own when ever I see,  
 A Lover that's brought to this pass.  
 Keep, keep furthur off you'r naughty I fear,  
 I vow I will never, will never, will never yeild to't;  
 You ask me in vain for never I swear,  
 I never no never, I never no  
 Never I never no never will do't.

For when the deed's done, how quickly you go,  
 No more of the Lover remains,  
 In haste you depart, what e'er we can do,  
 And Stubbornly throw off your chains.  
 Desist then in time let's hear on't no more,  
 I vow I will never yeild to't,  
 You promise in vain, in vain you adore,  
 For I will never, no never will do't.

Jockey



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*Jockey's Lamentation.*



**J**ockey met with Fenny fair  
Betwixt the Dawning and the Day,  
And Jockey now is full of Care,  
For Fenny stole my Heart away:  
Altho' she promis'd to be true,  
Yet she, alas, has prov'd unkind,  
That which do make poor Jockey rue,  
For Fenny's fickle as the Wind:  
And, 'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,  
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,  
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,  
The Wind has blow'd my Plaid away.

Jockey was a bonny Lad,  
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;  
But now poor Jockey is run mad,  
for Fenny causes his Despair;

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Jackey was a Piper's Son,  
And fell in Love while he was young;  
But all the Tunes that he could play,  
Was, o'er the Hills, and far away,  
And 'Tis, &c.



When first I saw my Fenny's Face,  
She did appear with like a Grace,  
With muckle Joy my Heart was fill'd;  
But now alas with sorrow kill'd.  
Oh was she but as true as fair,  
'Twould put an end to my Despair;  
But ah, alas this is unkind,  
Which fore does terrify my Mind,  
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,  
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,  
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,  
That Jenny stole my Heart away.

Did she but feel the dismal Woe  
That for her sake I undergo,  
She surely then would grant Relief,  
And put an end to all my Grief:  
But oh, she is as false, as Fair,  
Which causes all my sad Despair;  
She triumphs in a proud Disdain,  
And takes delight to see my Pain.  
'Tis o'er, &c.

Hard was my Hap to fall in Love,  
With one that does so faithless prove,  
Hard was my fate to court the Maid,  
That has my constant Heart betray'd:  
A thousand times to me she swore,  
She would be true for evermore:  
But oh! alas with grief I say,  
She's stole my Heart, and run away.  
'Twas o'er, &c.

*Hills to Purge Melancholy.*

Good gentle Cupid take my part,  
And pierce this false one to the Heart,  
That she may once but feel the Woe,  
As I for her do undergo;  
Oh! make her feel this raging pain,  
that for her love I do sustain;  
She sure would then more gentle be,  
And soon repent her Cruelty,  
'Tis o'er, &c.

I now must wander for her sake,  
Since that she will no pity take,  
Into the Woods and shady Grove,  
And bid adieu to my false Love:  
Since she is false whom I adore,  
I ne'er will trust a Woman more,  
From all their Charms I'll fly away,  
And on my Pipe will sweetly play,  
'Tis o'er, &c.

There by my self I'll sing and say,  
'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,  
That my poor Heart is gone astray,  
Which make me grieve both Night and Day;  
Farewel, farewell, thou cruel she,  
I fear that I shall die for thee?  
But if I live this Vow I'll make,  
To love no other for your sake.  
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,  
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,  
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,  
The Wind has blow'd my Pipe away.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*The Recruiting Officer ; Or the Merrie Volunteers.  
Being an Excellent New Copy of Verses upon Raising  
Recruits. To the foregoing Tune.*

**H** Ark ! now the Drums beat up agen,  
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,  
Then let us list and March I say,  
Over the Hills and far away,  
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,  
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,  
Queen Ann Commands and we'll obey,  
Over the Hills and far away.

All Gentlemen that have a Mind,  
To serve the Queen that's good and kind,  
Come list and enter into Pay,  
Then o'er the Hills and far away ;  
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,  
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain,  
Queen Ann, &c.

Here's forty Shilling on the Drum,  
For those that Voluntires do come,  
With Shirts and Cloaths and present Pay,  
When o'er the Hills and far away ;  
Over the Hills, &c.

Hear that brave Boys and let us go,  
Or else we shall be Preft you know,  
Then List and enter into Pay,  
And o'er the Hills and far away ;  
Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about,  
To find such brisk young Fellows out,  
Then let's be Volunteers I say,  
Over the Hills and far away ;  
Over the Hills, &c.

Since

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Since now the French so low are brought,  
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,  
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay,  
When o'er the Hills and far away;  
Over, &c.

No more from sound of Drum retreat,  
While *Marlborough* and *Gallaway* beat,  
The French and Spaniards every day,  
When over the Hills and far away; &c.

He that is forc'd to go and Fight,  
Will never get true Honour by't,  
While Volunteers shall win the Day,  
When o'er the Hills and far away,  
Over, &c.

What tho' our Friends our absence mourn,  
We all with honour shall return.  
And then we'll sing both Night and day,  
Over the Hills and far away;  
Over, &c.

The Prentice *Tom* he may refuse,  
To wipe his angry Master's Shoes:  
For then he's free to Sing and play,  
Over the Hill and far away, &c.

Over Rivers, Bogs and Springs,  
We all shall live as great as Kings;  
And Plunder get both night and day,  
When over the Hills and far away, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives,  
By getting rid of brats and wives,  
That scold on both Night and Day.  
When o're the Hills and far away, &c.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Come on then Boys and You shall see,  
We every one shall Captains be,  
To whore and rant as well as they,  
When o'er the Hills and far away, &c.

For if we go 'tis one to ten,  
But we return all Gentlemen,  
All Gentlemen as well as they,  
When o'er the Hills and far away, &c.

---

HAMPTON COURT. A SONG, The  
*Words made by Mr. D'Urfey, to a pretty New  
Tune made by a Person of Quality.*

Note: You must sing the first 4 lines to the 1<sup>st</sup>. Strain.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy*



**W**Here divine *Gloriana*, her Palace late rear'd ;  
 And the choicest delights, Art and Nature prepar'd,  
 On the bank of sweet *Thames*, gently gliding along ;  
 The Love-sick *Philander* sat down and thus Sang :  
 More happy than yet any place was before,  
 Thou dear blest resemblance of her I adore ;  
 All Eyes are delighted with prospect of thee,  
 Thou charm'st ev'ry Sense, thou charm'st ev'ry Sense,  
 Ah ! just so does she.

As the River's clear Waves Zephyr softly does rowl,  
 So her breath moves the Passions, that flow in my soul ;  
 As the Trees by the Sun, feel a nourishing joy ;  
 So my Heart is refresh'd, by a glance from her Eye :  
 The Birds pretty Notes, we still hear when she speaks ;  
 And the sweetest of Gardens, still blooms in her Cheeks,  
 Had I that dear bliss, for no other I'd sue :  
 Who enjoys this sweet *Eve*, who enjoys this sweet *Eve*,  
 Has all Paradise too.

A Scotch SONG. Set by Mr. John Barrett.



**A** H! foolish Lads what mun I do?  
 My modesty I well may rue,  
 Which of my Joy bereft me;  
 For full of Love he came,  
 But out of silly shame,  
 With pish and Phoo I play'd,  
 To muckle the coy Maid,  
 And the raw young Loon has left me.

Wou'd *forkey* knew how muckle I lue:  
 Did I less art or did he shew,  
 More nature, how blest I'd be;  
 I'd not have reason to complain,  
 That I lue'd now in vain;  
 Gen he more a Man was,  
 I'd be less a coy Lads,  
 Had the raw young Loon weele try'd me.

**A SONG** in the Comedy call'd (Justice Buify, or the Gentleman-Quack;) Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle.



**N**O, no ev'ry Morning my Beauties renew ;  
Where ever I go, I have Lovers enough :  
I drefs and I dance ; and I Laugh and I Sing ;  
Am loveley and lively, and gay as the Spring :  
I visit, I game, and I caft-away Care,  
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air ;  
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air.

## A SONG, Sett by Mr. Willis.



**N**OW my freedom's regain'd, and by *Bacchus* I Swear,  
 All whining dull whimsys of Love I'll casture,  
 The Charm's more engaging in Bumpers of Wine,  
 Then let *Gloe* be Damn'd, but let this be Divine;  
 Whilst youth warms thy veins Boy embrace thy full Glasses,  
 Damn *Cupid* and all his poor proselyte Asses:  
 Let this be thy rule Tom, to square out thy Life,  
 And when Old in a Friend, thou'lt live free from all strife,  
 Only envied by him that is plagu'd with a Wife.

Mr.



*Mr. Dogget's Country SONG, in the (Kingdon of Birds) the Words by Mr. Tho. D'Urfey; Set by Mr. Sam. Akeroyde.*



*Pills to Purge Conscience*

**M**audlin was as feat a Jade,  
As e'er was in our Town;  
And I a lusty lively Lad  
As e'er mow'd Clover down,  
So close three years we ty'd the knot,  
Our thumping Hearts went pit a pat,  
Pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat :  
And both so pleas'd with you know what,  
We thought of nothing else ;  
Whilst ding dong, ding dong, whim wham,  
Whim wham, ding dong, ding dong,  
Whim wham, whim wham, whim wham,  
Whim wham, whim wham, whim wham,  
Whim wham, whim wham, ding, ding,  
ding, ding, dong rung the Bells.

Our Sugar kisses hony words,  
We never thought too much ;  
I dare be sworn no Knights or Lords,  
E'er gave their Ladies such,  
To Plough went I, to Spia went she,  
Oh how the Days ran merrily,  
Merrily, merrily, merrily,  
Our Joy Since greater none cou'd be,  
Fame round the Country tells,  
Sing ding dong, &c.

Rare times were these ; but ah how soon,  
Do Wedlocks Comforts fall.  
The days that then were hony Moon,  
Are Wormwood now and Gall :  
Her Tongue Clacks louder than a Mill,  
No longer do we Cooe and Bill,  
Cooe and bill, cooe and bill, cooe and bill,  
But Jangle like two Fiends of Hell,  
Broke out from flaming Cells, and ding &c.  
Ding dong no longer ring the Bells.

A Scotch SONG, the Words by Mr. Peter Noble,  
Sett by Mr. John Wilford.



BONNY *Scottish* Lads that keens me weel,  
Lith ye what ye what good Luck I've fund;  
Mogey is mine own in Spite o'th De'el,  
I alone her Heart has won:  
Near St. Andrews Kirk in London Town,  
There I've, I've met my Dearest Joy;  
Shineing in her Silken Hued and Gown,  
But ne'er ack, ne'er ack She prov'd not coy.

Then

Then after many Compliments,  
Screight we gang'd into the Kirk;  
There full weel the tuck the documents;  
And flang me many pleasing Smirk:  
Weel I weat that I have gear enough,  
She's have a yode to ride ont;  
She's neither drive the Swine nor the Plough,  
What ever does betide ont.

---

*A New SONG in the Play call'd (A Duke and  
no Duke,) Sung by Mrs. Cibber.*





**D**emon if you will believe me,  
 'Tis not fighting o'er the plain;  
 Songs nor Sonets can't relieve ye,  
 Faint attempts in Love are vain,  
 Urge but home the fair occasion,  
 And be master of the field;  
 To a pow'rful kind Invasion,  
 'Twere a madness not to yeild.

Tho' the vow's she'll ne'er permit ye,  
 Says you'r rude and much to blame;  
 And with tears Implores your pity,  
 Be not merciful for shame:  
 When the first assault is over,  
 Chloris time enough will find;  
 This so fierce and Cruel Lover,  
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

---

*A SONG, The Words made to a Tune of the late  
 Mr. Henry Purcell's.*





*Exit to Purg. Melancholy.*



**D**runk I was last Night that's poſs,  
 My Wife began to Scold ;  
 Say what I cou'd for my Hearts Blood.  
 Her Clack ſhe wou'd not hold :  
 Thus her chat ſhe did begin,  
 Is this your time of coming in,  
 The Clock ſtrikes one, you'll be undone,  
 If thus you lead your life ;  
 My Dear ſaid I, I can't deny,  
 But what you ſay is true ;  
 I do intend, my life to mend,  
 Pray leads the pot to Spew.

Eye, you Sot, I ne'er can bear,  
 To riſe thus e'ery Night,  
 Tho' like a Beaſt you never care,  
 What conſequences comes by't ;  
 The Child and I may ſtarve for you,  
 We neither can have half our due,  
 With grief I find, your ſo unkind,  
 In time you'll break my heart,  
 At that I ſmil'd, and ſaid dear Child,  
 Th'leive you in the wrong,  
 But it ſhou'd be your deſtiny,  
 I'll ſing a merry Song.

*The Gelding the Devil, Sett Mr. Tho. Wroth.*



I Met with the Devil in the shape of a Ram,  
 then over and over the Sowgelder came,  
 I rose and halter'd him fast by the horns,  
 And pickt out his Stones, as you would pick out Corns;  
 Maa quoth the Devil, with that out he flunk,  
 And left us a Carkass of Mutton that flunk.

I chanc'd to ride forth a mile and a half,  
 Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf;  
 I bound him and gelt him e'er he did any evil,  
 For he was at the best but a young sucking Devil;  
 Maa yet he cries and forth he did steal,  
 And this was sold after for excellent Veal.

Half a year I met in the Form of a Pig,  
Met with the rogue and he lookt very big;  
I caught at his leg laid him down on a log,  
E'er a man could fart twice I made him a Hog.  
Huh, huh, quoth the Devil and gave such a Jirk,  
That a Jew was converted and eat of that Pork.

In Woman's attire I met him most fine,  
At first sight I thought him some Angel divine;  
But yewing his crab face I fell to my trade,  
I made him forswear ever asking a Maid;  
Hew quoth the devil and so ran away,  
Hid himself in a Fryers old weeds as they say.

I walked along and it was my good chance,  
To meet with a black coat that was in a Trance,  
I speedily grip'd him and whipt off his Coda,  
Twixt his Head and his Breech I left little odds;  
Quoth the Devil and so away ran,  
Thou oft wilt be curst by many a Woman.

---

### A SONG.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*



When *Jemmy* first began to love,  
 He was the finest Swain;  
 That ever yet a flock had drove,  
 Or danc'd upon the plain:  
 'Twas then that I woe's me poor heart,  
 My freedom threw away,  
 And finding sweets in every part;  
 I could not say him nay.

For ever when he spake of love,  
 He wou'd his eyes decline;  
 Each sigh he gave a heart wou'd move,  
 Good faith and why not mine:  
 He'd press my hand and Kiss it oft,  
 His silence spoke his flame;  
 And whilst he treated me thus soft,  
 I wish'd him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flock with his,  
*Jemmy* wou'd me invite;  
 Where he the finest Songs would Sing,  
 Me only to delight:  
 Then all his graces he display'd,  
 Which were enough I trow,  
 To conquer any princely field,  
 So did he me I trow.

But now for *Jemmy* I must mourn,  
 He to the Wars must go;  
 His sheephook to a Sword must turn,  
 Alack what shall I do?  
 His Bagpipe into Warlike sounds,  
 Must now converted be;  
 His Courts into fearful wars,  
 What becomes of me?

*Waltz in F Major Melancholy.*

**A SONG.**



Handwritten musical notation on the right margin, including staves and notes.

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Jilting is in such a fashion,  
 And such a fame,  
 Runs o'er the Nation;  
 There's never a Dame,  
 Of highest rank or of fame,  
 Sir but will stoop to your caresses,  
 If you do but put home your addresses;  
 It's for that she paints and she patches,  
 All she hopes to secure is her name Sir.

But when you find the love fit comes upon her,  
 Never trust much to her honour,  
 Tho' she may very high stand on't,  
 Yet when her love is ascendant.

Her vertue's quite out of doors:  
 High breeding, rank feeding,  
 With lazy lives leading,  
 In ease and soft pleasures,  
 And taking loose measures,  
 With Play-house diversions,  
 And midnight excursions,  
 With Balls Masquerading,  
 And Nights Serenading,  
 Debaucheth the Sex into Whores Sir,

## A SONG.



**Y**OU I Love by all that's true,  
 More than all things here below;  
 With a passion far more great,  
 Than e'er Creature loved yet:  
 And yet still you cry forbear,  
 Love no more, or Love not here.

Did the Miser leave his Ore,  
 Did the Wretched sigh no more;  
 Did the Old be young again,  
 Did the *Nun* not think of Man:  
*Silvia* thus when you can do,  
 Bid me then not think on you.

Love's not a think of Choice but Fate,  
 What makes me Love, that makes you hate;  
*Silvia* you do what you will,  
 Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill:  
 Be Kind or Cruel, False or True,  
 Love I must, and none but you,

A SONG,



Poor Cleonice thy Garlands tear,  
 From off thy Widow'd brow ;  
 And bind thy loose dishevel'd hair,  
 With Ewe and Cypress now :  
 And Since the Gods decreed his years,  
 Shou'd have so short a date ;  
 Let thy sad eyes, pay seas of tears,  
 As tribute to his fate,

The trees a duller green have worn,  
 Since that dear Swain is gon ;  
 The tender flocks their pasture mourn,  
 And bleat a sadder moan :  
 The Birds that did frequent these Groves,  
 To happy Mansions fly ;  
 And all that once smil'd on our Loves  
 Now seem to bid me dye.

## A SONG. Sett by Mr. Pack.



**F**arewel ungrateful Traytor,  
 Farewel my Perjur'd Swain;  
 Let never injur'd Creature,  
 Believe a Man again:  
 The pleasure of posseſſing,  
 Surpaſſes all expreſſing;

But Joys too short a Blessing,  
And love too long a pain,  
But Joys too short a Blessing,  
And Love too long a pain.

'Tis easie to deceive us,  
in pity of your pain;  
But when we Love, you leave us,  
To rail at you in vain:  
Before we have descry'd it,  
There is no blifs beside it;  
But she that once has try'd it,  
Will never Love again.

The Passion you pretended,  
Was only to obtain;  
But when the Charm is ended,  
The Charmer you disdain:  
Your Love by ours we measure,  
Till we have lost our Treasure;  
But dying is a pleasure,  
When living is a pain.

*The Northamptonshire Healtb, set by Mr. Edward Keen.*







**H**ere's a health to those Men,  
That go with us again;  
To chuse Knights who can afford, Sir,  
To serve without Pension,  
Or other pretension,  
But Just and Right is the Word, Sir,

As for those that have pay,  
We have nothing to say;  
Let the Souldier live by his Sword, Sir:  
We're for them that are known,  
To have Lands of their own,  
And Just and Right is the Word, Sir,

Shou'd we chuse the Court Tools,  
They will call us all fools;  
Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir:  
We are sure we can trust,  
To the Right and the Just,  
For Just and Right is the Word, Sir:

Then take off your glass fair,  
To do otherwise here,  
Is unjust against Right and Absurd, Sir:  
He that leaves but three drops,  
Shall have them thrown in's chops,  
For Just and Right is the Word, Sir.

A SONG. Sett by Mr. Leveridge. Sung by Mr.  
Wilks in the Comedy call'd the Recruiting Officer.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*



**C**ome Fair one be kind, you never shall find,

A Fellow so fit for a Lover :

Come Fair one be kind, you never shall find,

A Fellow so fit for a Lover :

The World shall view, my passion for you,

The World shall view, my passion for you,

But never your passion discover :

The World shall view, my passion for you,

The

The world shall view, my passion for you,  
 But never your passion discover:  
 I still will Complain, of Frowns and Disdain,  
 Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms,  
 I still will Complain, of Frowns and Disdain,  
 Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms:  
 The World shall declare, I die with despair,  
 I die with despair, I die with despair,  
 When only I die in your Arms;  
 When only I die in your Arms,  
 I still will adore Love more and more,  
 But by Jove if you chance to prove Cruel,  
 I'll get me a Miss, that freely will kiss,  
 I'll get me a Miss, that freely will kiss,  
 Tho' after I drink water gruel.  
 I'll &c.

A SONG.





**S**pare Mighty Love O Spare a slave,  
 That at thy feet for mercy lies;  
 What wou'd thy cruel Godhead have,  
 See how he bleeds, see how he dyes:  
 Upon a noble Conquest go,  
 And for thy glory and my peace;  
 O make the scornful *Celia* know,  
 The pains she now regardless sees.  
 O make &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my tears,  
 And subtly poyson so each Dart;  
 That spite of all those Arms she wears,  
 The point at last may reach her heart.  
 Revenge, revenge the wounds I bear,  
 And make our fortunes so agree;  
 That I may find that cure from her,  
 Which she may need as much from me.  
 That I &c.



# *The Maid of LYN.*



**O**N Brandon Heath, in sight of Methwold Steeple,  
 In Norfolk as I Rode along ;  
 I met a Maiden with Apples laden,  
 And thus, thus to her I urg'd my Song :

Kiss me said I, She answer'd no,

And still she cry'd I won't, I won't, I won't do so;

But when I did my Love begin,

Quoth she good Sir, quoth she good Sir, good Sir, I live

[in Lyn]

Twas summer season then, and sultry weather,

Which put this fair Maid in a sweat;

Said I come hither, let us together,

Go try to lay this scorching heat:

But she deny'd, the more I cry'd,

And answer'd no, and seem'd to go;

But when I did my Love begin,

Quoth she good Sir, I live in Lyn.

To Kiss this Maiden, then was my intent,

I felt her hand, and snowey breast;

With much perswasion, she shew occasion,

That I was free to do the rest:

Then in we went and Six-pence spent,

I cry'd my Dear, she cry'd forbear;

But when I did my Love begin,

Quoth she good Sir, I live in Lyn.

Three times I try'd to satisfie this Maiden,

And she perceiv'd her Lovers pain;

Then I wou'd go, but she cry'd no,

And bid me try it o'er again:

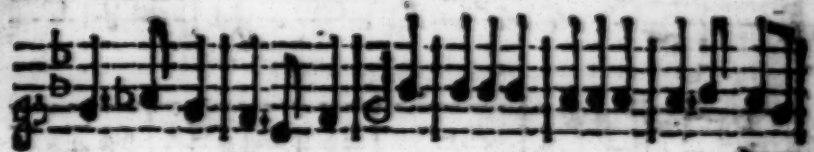
She cry'd my Dear, I cry'd forbear,

Yet e'er we parted fain wou'd know,

Where I might see this Maid again,

Quoth she good Sir, I live in Lyn.

*The Beauty, a Song made and Sett to Musick by  
George Kingsley, Gent.*





**A** Lais! my poor tender heart must now surrender,  
 Since Love such a train of artillery brings;  
 Such graces and glories, attend my sweet *Cloris*,  
 As are able to conquer and Captivate Kings,  
 Each lovely feature, of this pure creature,  
 Creates a cruel, cruel, cruel, cruel ling'ring smart:  
 Her blushing Nose is, as red as a Rose,  
 It's glowing, glowing, glowing, glowing heat inflames  
 (my heart.  
 The charms of her eyes, what tongue can tell,  
 Of which each glance conveys a spell;  
 And at distance they look like two Frogs in a well: Hey ho;  
 But oh! the balsamick scent of her Toes,  
 And the nectar that drops, drops, drops from her Nose;  
 And a comfortable gale from her elbows: Hey ho, Hey ho,  
 And still I cry in vain, O Love, O Love, O Love, Love,  
 Love, O Love, O Love, O Love, Love, Love, O Love,  
 come ease my pain.

But

But her heart alas is as hard as a flint,  
 Let me dye if I think not the Devil is in't;  
 For always upon me she looketh a squint: Hey ho,  
 Yet nature at least has served her right,  
 In taking all her teeth out quite:  
 That tho' she can bark she cannot bite, Hey ho;  
 And indeed for this there was a just cause,  
 For according to blind *Cupid's* laws,  
 Love should have neither fangs nor claws, Hey ho.

---

*A Scotch Song the Words by Mr. John Hallam,  
 Set to Musick by Mr. John Cotterell.*







**U**pon the wings of Love my Dear I come,  
 No more I will depart from Thee and Home ;  
 The Dreadful noise of Battles now do cease,  
 Brave *Willy* is return'd with Joy and Peace :  
 The Trumpet shrill no more shall sound alarms,  
 And call thy *Fockey* out of thy soft arms ;  
 In which I'll Lig and Sleep both day and night,  
 And dream of nought but Pleasures and Delight.

Each Bonny Lad shall with his loving Lads,  
 With Pipe and Tabor trip it on the Grass;  
 With Chaplets gay my *Fenny* shall be crown'd,  
 And with her loving *Focky* dance a round :  
 In Silks and Sattins then my only dear,  
 The Blithest Lads in *Tweedale* shall appear ;  
 Thou shalt enjoy what e'er thou dost desire,  
 And in each other arms we will expire,

*A Song Set and Sung by Mr. Leveridge, at the Theatre Royal.*



**F**oolish swain thy sighs forbare,  
 Nothing can her passion move ;  
 Celia with a careless Air,  
 Laughs to hear the tales of love ;

Darts

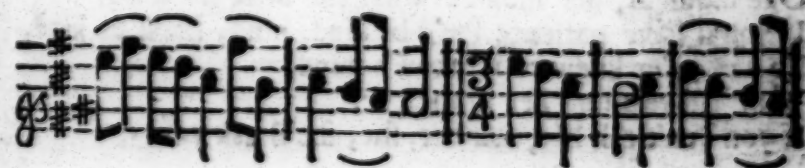
Darts and flames the nymph defyes,  
Toys which other hearts beguile,  
Pleasure sparkles in her eyes,  
Gay without an am'rous smile.

Easy like the feather'd Choir,  
Ever on the wing for flight;  
Hops from this to that desire,  
Flut'ring still in new delight:  
Pleas'd she seems when you are by,  
And when absent she's the same;  
Talks of love like you or I,  
But believ'ft an empty name.



Always easy never kind,  
When you think you have her sure;  
Such a temper you will find,  
Quick to wound, quick to wound, quick to wound, but  
slow to cure.

A S O N G, Set by Mr. Berenclow.



Take



**T**Ake not the first refusal ill,  
 Tho' now she wont, anon she will;  
 Tho' now she won't anon she will;  
 Take not the first refusal ill,  
 She were not a Woman if she knew,  
 One moment what the next she'd do,  
 She were not a Woman if she knew,  
 One moment, one moment what the next she'd do.  
 If you'll have patience she'll be kind, kind, she'll be kind,  
 To day we'er knew to morrow's mind,  
 Wait 'till you find her in the cue,  
 If you don't ask her, ask her, she, she'll ask you.



A New SONG, the Words by Mr. J. C. Sett  
to Musick by Dr. Prettle.



**N**O *Phyllis*, tho' you've all the charms,  
Ambitious Woman can desire;  
All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,  
Or sets our foolish hearts on fire;

Yet

Yet you may practice all your Arts,  
 In vain to make a slave of me;  
 You ne'er shall re-engage my heart,  
 Revolted from your tyranny.  
 You ne'er shall re-engage my heart,  
 Revolted from your tyranny.

When first I saw those dang'rous eyes,  
 They did my liberty betray;  
 But when I knew your cruelties,  
 I snatch't my simple heart away:  
 Now I defy your smiles to win,  
 My resolute heart, no pow'r th'ave got;  
 Tho' once I suck'd their poyson in,  
 Your rigour prov'd an antidote.

*The Epilogue in the (Island Princes,) Sett by Mr.  
 Clarke, Sung by Mrs. Lindsey, and the Boy.*





**N**ow to you ye dry wooers,  
 Old Beaus and no doers,  
 So doughty so gouty,  
 So useless and toothless,  
 Your blindness cold kindness  
 Has nothing of Man;  
 Still doating or gloating,  
 Still stumbling or fumbling,  
 Still hawking still baulking,  
 You flash in the Pan:  
 Unfit like old brooms,  
 For sweeping our rooms,  
 You're sunk and you're shrunk,  
 Then repent or look to't,  
 In vain you're so upish (in vain you're so upish)  
 You're down ev'ry foot,

## A S O N G.

Note: You must Sing 8 lines to the first Swain.



**L** Et's be merrie blith and jolly,  
 Stupid dulness is a folly;  
 'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,  
 Heark the chirping birds delight us;  
 Let us dance and raise our Voices,  
 Every Creature now rejoyces;  
 Airy blasts and springing flowers,  
 Verdant coverings pleasant showens;  
 Each playes his part to compleat this our joy,  
 And can we be so dull as to deny,

Here's no foolish surly Lover,  
 That his passions will discover;  
 No conceited foppish Creature,  
 That is proud of Cloaths or Feature:  
 All things here serene and free are,  
 They're not wise, are not as we are;  
 Who acknowledge Heavens blessings,  
 In our innocent caressings.  
 Then let us Sing, let us dance, let us play,  
 'Tis the time is allow'd, 'tis the Month of May.

A SONG. Sung at Holm's Booth in Bartholomew Fair, Set by Mr. John Barrett.



WAR, War and battle now no more,  
 Shall your thun'dring Cannons roar ;  
 No more, no more of War complain,  
 Peace begins, Peace begins her *Halcyon* Reign ;  
 For now the Tow'ring Bird of *Jove*,  
 Stoops, Stoops to the gentle *Billing Dove*.



A Scotch SONG, Sett by Mr. R. Brown.



Jockey loves his Moggy dearly,  
 He gang'd with her to Perth Fair;  
 There we Sung and Pip'd together,  
 And when done, then down I'd lay her:  
 I so pull'd her, and so lull'd her,  
 Both o'erwhelm'd with muckle Joy;  
 Mog. kiss'd Jockey, Jockey, Moggy,  
 From long night to break of day.

I told Mog. 'twas muckle pleasing,  
 Moggy cry'd she'd do again such;  
 I reply'd I'd glad gang with thee,  
 But 'twould waist my mickle Coyn much:  
 She lamented, I relented,  
 Both wish'd bodles might increase;  
 Then we'd gang next year together,  
 And my Pipe shall never cease.

A SONG Set by Mr. John Weldon.



S Wain thy hopeless passion another,  
 Perjur'd *Calia* Loves another,  
 In his Arms I saw her Lying,  
 Panting, Kissing, Trembling, Dying,  
 There the Fair deceiver Swore,  
 As once she did to you before.

Oh! said you when She deceives me,  
 When that Constant Creature leaves me;  
 If Waters back shall fly,  
 And leave their Oozy Channels dry;  
 Turn your Waters leave your Shore,  
 For perjur'd *Calia* loves no more.

*A SONG in the Wonders of the Sun, or the Kingdom of the Birds, by Mr. D'Urfey.*



**S**ince now the World's turn'd upside down,  
 And all things chang'd in Nature;  
 As if a doubt were newly grown,  
 We had the same Creator:  
 Of Ancient Modes and former ways,  
 I'll teach ye, Sirs, the manner;  
 In good Queen *Besses* Golden days,  
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

I had an Ancient Noble Seat,  
 Tho' now 'tis come to Ruin,  
 Where *Mutton*, *Beef*; and such good Meat,  
 In th' Hall was daily chewing:

Of humming Beer my Cellar full,  
I was the yearly Donor ;  
Where toping Knaves had many a pull,  
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Men of Home-spun honest Grays,  
Had Coats and comly Badges,  
They wore no dirty ragged Lace ;  
Nor e'er complain'd for Wages :  
For gawdy Fringe and Silks o'th' Town,  
I fear'd no Threatning Dinner,  
But wore a decent *Grogam* Gown,  
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I never thought *Cambarides*,  
Ingredient good in Posset ;  
Nor ever Stript me to my Stays,  
To play the punt at *Basset* ;  
In *Rastie* ne'er made deboach,  
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner ;  
Nor letting Mercer seize my Coach,  
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I still preserv'd my Maiden fame,  
I spite of Oaths and Lying ;  
Tho' many a long chin'd Youngster came,  
And fain would be enjoying.  
My Fan, to guard my Lips I kept,  
From *Cupid's* lewder runner,  
And many a *Roman* Nose I rap'd,  
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Curling Locks, I never bought,  
Of Beggars dirty Daughters,  
Nor Prompted by a Wanton thought,  
Above knee ty'd my Garters ;  
I never glow'd with Painted Pride,  
Like Punk, when th' Devil has won her,  
Nor prov'd a Cheat, to be a Bride,  
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Neighbour still I Treated round,  
And Strangers that come near me :  
The Poor to, always welcome found,  
Whose Prayers did still endear me.  
Let therefore, who, at Court would be,  
No Churl nor yet no Fawner ;  
Match in old Hospitality,  
Queen Besses Dame of Honour.

---

A SONG, in the Wonders of the Sun, or, the King-  
dome of the Birds, by Mr. D'Udley ; To the Tune  
of the Farring of the two East-India Companies,  
Pag. 40.

What are these Ideots doing,  
That dayly their Feuds advance,  
As if they were pursuing,  
New Ways to favour *France*.  
For shame give over your Dance ;  
Your National Danger see :  
Nor longer forfeit your Sense,  
But agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree.

Whilst strange and trivial Reasons,  
The whimsical Brain allures,  
You lose the Happy Season,  
That should encourage your Powers.  
The Monsieur is at your Doors ;  
And if he received must be,  
The Shame and-Scandal is Yours :  
Then agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree.

Ye Soaring High-Hown People,  
In Politicks so profound ;  
You Climb so high on your Steep'e,  
It makes your Brain turn round.



Pills 'o Purge Melancholy.

Consider how you lose ground,  
If Foreigners Masters be;  
Whilst you with Maggots abound,  
Then agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.

And you whose senseless Jargon,  
Contentious Night and Morn,  
Declaims against an Organ,  
As 'twere a Sowgazers Horn.  
Let concords Power adorn,  
Your Hearts if wise you'll be;  
Nor longer merit a Scorn,  
But agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.

'Tis known you are richly Landed,  
And you have a Place at Court:  
And you the *Bank* have Commanded,  
And you have two Ships in Port;  
Yet still ye reason Retort:  
As if ye ruin'd must be,  
'Tis all rank Folly in short;  
Then agree, Silly *Britains*, agree.

Religion's Safety doubted,  
Still makes the Nation groan;  
You make such Stirs about it,  
Some wise Heads think ye have none.  
But all is for Interest done,  
As faith it likely may be.  
Let that point stated, be known,  
And agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree!

*First to Large Melodically.*

*A Dialogue in the Wonders of the Sun, or, the  
Kingdome of Birds; by Mr. D'Urfey.*





- Houfew.* **P** Ray now *John* let *Fug* prevail,  
D'off that Sword, and take a Flaile,  
Wounds and Blows with scorching Heat,  
Will abroad, be all you'll get.
- Ignoran.* Zooks y'are mad,  
Ye simple Jade,  
Begone, and don't prate.
- Houfew.* How think ye I shall do  
With *Hob* and *Sue*,
- Ignoran.* And all our Brats when wanting you.  
When I am with Plunder,  
Thou my gain shalt share *Fug*.
- Houfew.* My Share,  
Will be but small I fear,  
When bold Dragons have bin Pickering there,  
And the Flea Flints the *Germans* strip'em bare:
- Ignoran.* Mind your Spinning,  
Mend your Linnen,  
Look to your Cheese too,  
Your Pigs, and your Geese too.
- Houfew.* No, No,  
I'll ramble out with you,  
Blood and Fire,  
If you tire,  
Thus my Patience,  
With Vexations,  
And Narrations:  
Thumping, Thumping is the fatal Word *Fear*.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*Housew.* Do, do,  
I am good at Thumping too,

*Ignoran.* Morbleau,  
That Huff shall never do.

*Housew.* Come, come *John*, let's Buss and Friends,  
Thus, still thus, Love's Quarrel ends;  
I my Tongue sometimes let run,  
But alas I soon have done.

*Ignoran.* 'Tis well you y'are quasht,  
You'd else been Thrasht,  
Sure as my Name's *John*,

*Housew.* Yet fain I'd know for what,  
Y'are all so hot,  
To go to Fight, where nothing's got:

*Ignoran.* Fortune will be kind, and we shall then grow  
*Housew.* Grow Great. [great too.

Yet want both Drink and Meat.

And Coin unless the Pamper'd *French* you beat.

Ah! take Care *John*, take Care, and Learn more

*Ignoran.* Dare you Prate still, [Wit.

At this rate still,

And like a Vermin,

Grudg my Preferment.

*Housew.* You'll beg, or get a Wooden Leg,

*Ignoran.* Nay if Bawling,

Caterwawling;

Tittle tattle,

Prattle, Prattle,

Still must Rattle,

I'll begon, and Straight aboard, Faith;

*Housew.* Do, Do,

And so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,

Fug too, and all the ragged Crew.

*Pills to Purge Melancholy!*

*The New BLACKBIRD: A SONG, in  
the Wonders of the Sun, or, the Kingdome of Birds  
by Mr. D'Urfe.*



**W**Hilst Content is wanting  
In the World below;

We in freedom chanting,

Life's true pleasure know,

Cloy'd, with care and duty,

To Superiour Sway,

They ne'er see the Beauty,

Of one happy Day;

Profits Golden Follies

Half the Globe Infest;

Faction, Pride, and Malice,

Governs all the rest.

Whilst in eternal Day; Terry, terry, terry, terry,

Hev, Terry terry, Sings the *Blackbird*;

Ah! what a World have they?



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

Giant Limb'd Ambition,  
Like a Tyrant Reigns ;  
Forming new Division  
Hourly, in their Brains.  
Sometimes peace Enjoying,  
Some they a League begin ;  
But one Monarch's Dying  
Breaks 'em all again.  
Then the grave State-menders,  
For Religion Fight .  
Tho' the hot Pretenders,  
Never had a do it ;  
Whilst here in lasting day ; Terry, &c.

Warriors all are Princes,  
When their Aid they want,  
Armies for Defences,  
Present pay they grant,  
But the work once ended,  
They the Chiefs disown ;  
Who in haste disbanded,  
Loudly are cry'd down.  
Thus uncur'd they Nourish,  
Whimseys worse Disease,  
Whither Lose or Flourish,  
Never are at Ease.  
Whilst here in lasting day ; Terry, &c.

The sad Pamper'd City,  
Grumbling at the Tax.  
Think to Stint, 'tis pitty,  
Bellies or their Backs.  
The Rich Country Booby  
Brooding o'er his Ground,  
Low'rs, and wondrous Moody,  
Grudges four in the Pound.  
Gospel Fermentation, banters all our Soul ;  
And to Fjer the Nation,  
Blackboats blow the Coals.

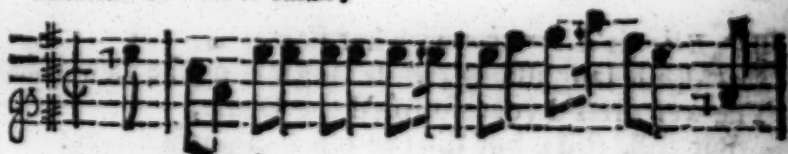
Whilst here in lasting day.  
Terry, terry, terry, rerry, Sings the Blackbird,  
Oh ! What a World have they.

*Part 10. Pledge Melancholy.*

A S O N G, in the (Luckey Younger Brother,  
or, the Beau Defeated;) Sett by Mr. John Ec-  
cles, and Sung by Mr. Bowman.



*Mimicks an Old Woman.*



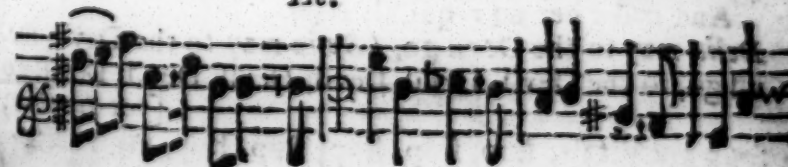
*Sings as himself.*



*She.*



*He.*



*Plas to Fudge Melancholy.*



**D**elia tir'd *Strephon* with her flame,  
 While languishing (while languishing she view'd him)  
 The well dress'd youth dispis'd the Dame,  
 But still, still; but still the old fool pursu'd him :  
 Some pitty on a wretch bestow,  
 That lyes at your devotion :  
 Perhaps near fifty years ago,  
 Perhaps near fifty years ago,  
 I might have lik'd the Motion.

If you, proud youth, my flame despise,  
 I'll hang me in my Garters :  
 Why then make hast to win the prize,  
 Among loves foolish Martyrs.  
 Can you see *Delia* brought so low,  
 And make her no requitals ?

*Delia* may to the Devil go, / *Delia* may to the Devil, De-  
 vil go, to the Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil, go  
 [for *Strephon* ;

Stop my Vitals, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, my Vitals.

A SONG Set by Mr. John Barrer, and Sung  
by Mrs. Lindsey.



**C** *Alta* hence with Aff-ctation,  
Hence with all this careless Air;  
Hypocrisy is out of fashion,  
With the witty and the fair:

Nature

*First to Purg'd and sanctify.*

Nature all thy arts discloses.  
While the pleasures she supplies,  
Paint thy glowing cheeks with Roses,  
And inflame thy sparkling eyes.

Foolish *Celia* not to know,  
Lovethy int'rest and thy duty;  
Thou to love alone dost owe,  
All thy joy, and all thy beauty:  
Mark the tuneful Feather'd kind,  
At the coming of the Spring;  
All in happy pairs are joyn'd,  
And because they love they sing.

---

*A SONG, Sett by Mr. Clarke.*







**H**ow often have I curs'd that sable deceit,  
 For making me wish and admire ;  
 And risle poor *Ovid* to learn to intreat,  
 When reason might check my desire :  
 For sagely of late it has been disclos'd,  
 There's nothing, nothing conceal'd uncommon ;  
 No Miracles under a Masque repos'd,  
 When knowing *Cymbia's* a Woman.

Tho' Beauty's great charms our senses delude,  
 'Tis the Center attracts our needle ;  
 And love's a jest when thought to intrude,  
 The design of it to unriddle,  
 A Virgin may show strange coyness in love,  
 And tell you Chymeraes of honour ;  
 But give her her wish, the man she approves,  
 No labour he'll have to winn her.

A SONG in (Rinaldo and Armida) Set by  
Mr. John Eccles; Sung by Mr. Gouge.





**T**He Jolly Jolly Breeze,  
That comes whistling through the Trees,  
From a—ll the blifsfull region brings,  
Perfum—s upon its Spycy wings,  
With its wan—ton motion, curling,  
Cur-ling, cur-ling, cur-ling, the crystal Rills,  
Which down, down, down, down the Hills,  
Run, run, run, run, run, o'er Golden gravel purling.

---

*A SONG on the Punch-Bowl. To the forego-  
ing Tune.*

**T**He Jolly, Jolly Bowl.  
That does quench my thirsty Soul,  
When a—ll the mingling Juice is thrown,  
Per-fu-m'd with fragrant Goar Stone:  
With it's wa—nton Toast too, curling,  
Curling, curling, curling, curling the nut-brown Riles,  
Which down, down, down, down by the gills,  
Ru—a through ru—by Swallows purling.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd the BITE R, Sent  
by Mr. John Eccles, and Sung by Mr. Cooke.



**C**hloe Blush'd and Frown'd and Swore,  
And push'd me rudely from her;  
I call'd her Faithless Jilting Whore,  
To talk to me of Honour:  
But when I rose and wou'd be gon,  
She cry'd nay whither go ye;  
Young *Damon* saw, now we're alone,

Do, do, do what you will, do what you will with *Chloe*:  
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with *Chloe*,  
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with *Chloe*.

The Prologue, in the Island-Princess, Set and Sung  
by Mr. Leveridge.



Brisk.







**Y**ou've been with dull Prologues here banter'd solon  
They Signify nothing, or less than a Song:  
To sing you a Ballad this tune we thought fit;  
For Sound has oft nickt you, when Sence could not hit.  
Then Ladies be kind, and Gentlemen mind;  
Wit Capers, play Sharpers, loud Bullies, tame Cullies,  
Sow grumblers, Wench Fumblers, give Ear ev'ry Man:  
Mobb'd Sinners in Pinders, kept Foppers, Bench-Hopper  
High-Flyers, Pitt-Plyers, be still if you can:  
You're all in Damnation, you'r all in Damnation for Len  
[sing the V

Ye Side-Box Gallants, whom the Vulgar call Beaus,  
Admirers of Self, and nice Judges of Cloaths;  
Who now the War's over cross boldly the Main,  
Yet ne'er were at Sieges, unless at Campeigne,  
Spare all on the Stage, Love in every Age;  
Young Tattles, Wild Rattles, Fan-Tearers, Mask-Fleers  
Old Coasters, Love Boasters, who set up for Truth:  
Young Graces, Black Faces, some Faded, some Jaded,  
Old Mothers, and other's, Who've yet a Colts Tooth:  
See us act that in Winter, you'd all act in Youth.

You Gallery Hunters, who love to lye snug,  
And maunch Apples or Cakes, while some Neighbour  
[you hugg

Ye Lofties, Genteels, who above us all sit,  
And look down with Contempt on the Mob in the Pit,  
Here's what you like best, Jigg Song, and the rest;  
Free Laughers, Close Graffers, Dry Jokers, Old Soakers,  
Kind Cozens, by Dozens, your Customs don't break:  
Sly Spouses with Blouses, Grave Horners, in Corners;  
Kind No-wits, save Poets, clap till your Hands ache,  
And tho' the Wits Damn us, we'll say the Whims take.

SONG Set by Mr. John Eccles, and Sung  
by Mr. Gouge, in the Farce call'd (Women will  
have their Wills. )





**B**elinda's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form,  
 Does my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy charm:  
 Her prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging, most e-  
 [bliging]

Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,  
 Oh! oh! how She does my Soul alarm:  
 There is such Magick in her Eyes,  
 Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,  
 Does my wond'ring Heart Surprise:  
 Her prinking, nimping, twinkling, pinking,  
 Whilst I'm, courting, for transporting,  
 How like an Angel She panting lyes, She panting lies.

*A Song in the Loves of Mars and Venus, Sett by  
Mr. J. Eccles, Sung by Mrs. Hudson.*



**T**O meet her *Mars* the Queen of Love,  
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms ;  
The Warriour best the Fair can move,  
And crowns his toils in Beauty's arms :  
The Warriour best the Fair can move,  
And crowns his toils in Beauty's arms.

*A Song in the Loves of Mars and Venus, Set  
Mr. J. Eccles, Sung by Mr. Bracegirdle.*



**F**Ly, fly ye lazy Hours, haſt bring him here,  
Swift, ſwift as my fond wiſhes are;  
When we Love, and Love to rage,  
Ev'ry moment ſeems an age:  
when we Love, and Love to rage,  
Ev'ry moment ſeems an age.

Why  
Oh!  
Fr  
Infr  
An



A Scotch SONG, Sung by Mrs. Ballden.



Oh! my panting, panting Heart,  
 Why so Young and why so fair;  
 Why does pleasure seem a Smart,  
 Or I wretched while I'm Glad?  
 Oh! Lovers Goddess, who wert form'd;  
 From Cold and Icy, Icy Seas;  
 Instruct me why I am thus Warm'd,  
 And Darts at once can Wound and please.

*For the Purgatory.*

*A SONG on a Ladies Drinking.*





W Hilft *Phillis* is Drinking, Love and Wine in alliance,  
 With Forces United, bids resistless defiance;  
 Each touch of her Lip, makes Wine sparkle Higher,  
 And her Eyes by her Drinking, redouble the Fire;  
 Her Cheeks grow the Brighter recruiting their Colour;  
 As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;  
 Each Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,  
 And the Liquor like Oyl makes the flame more enduring.

---

*The first S O N G, Sung by Mr. Prince, in the  
 (Maid in the Mill.)*



*Musto Parge Melancholy.*



**H**ow long, how long shall I pine for Love,  
How long shall I Sue in vain,  
How long, how long like the Turtle Dove,  
Must I heavily thus complain?  
Shall the Sails of my Love stand still,  
Shall the grift of my hopes be unground?  
Oh fye, of fye, oh fye, oh fye let the Mill,  
Let the Mill go round, let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

---

*The Saylor's SONG in the Subscription Musick, Set  
by Mr. Welton, Sung by Mr. Dogger.*





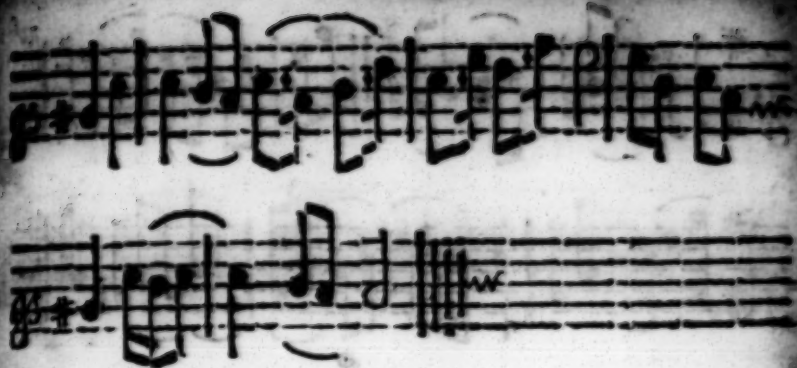
nd.  
Sett

Just coming from Sea, our Spouſes and we,  
We Punch it, we Punch it, we Punch it,  
We Punch it, we Punch it a Board with Couragio,  
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing  
And Hay, hay, hay, hay, hay my brave Boys Bonvins  
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing  
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we ſwing  
And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay my brave Boys Bonvins



A SONG Set by Mr. Daniel Purcell, and Sung  
at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.





**C**upid make your Virgins tender,  
Make 'em easy to be won ;  
Let 'em presently surrender,  
When the treatys once begun :  
Such as like a tedious wooing,  
Let 'em cruel Damsels find ;  
But let such as wou'd, as wou'd, be doing,  
Prithee, prithee, prithee Cupid make 'em kind,  
Prithee, prithee Cupid make 'em kind.

---

*A Scotch Song sung by Mrr. Willis at the Theatre.*

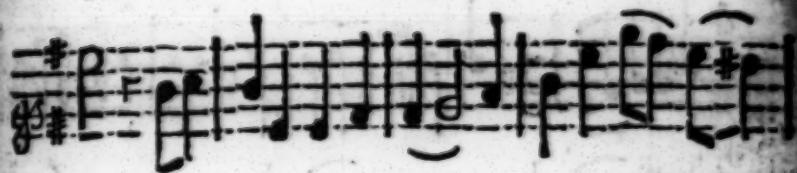




**K** En you who comes here,  
The Laird of aw the clan ;  
Whom Is'e Love but fear,  
Because a muckle Man :  
But what if he's great,  
He descends from his State ;  
And receive him, receive him as you can.

Come my Bonny Blich Lads,  
Shew your best Lukes and Plads ;  
Our Laird is here,  
Whom we shou'd Love :  
And who shou'd approve,  
Our respect as well as fear,  
For the Laird is here whom we Love and fear.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd Love betray'd, Sung  
by Mrs. Bracegirdle, Sett by Mr. John Eccles.



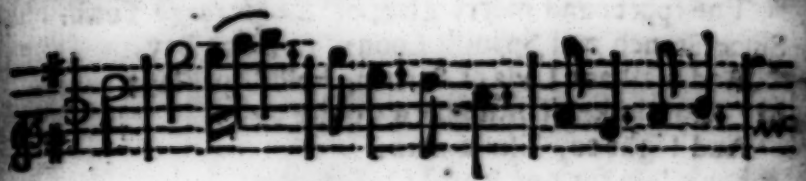


**I**f I hear *Orinda* Swear,  
 She cures my Jealous Smart ;  
 If I hear *Orinda* Swear,  
 She cures my Jealous Smart :  
 The Treachery becomes the Fair,  
 And doubly Fires my Heart ;  
 The Treachery becomes the Fair,  
 And doubly Fires my Heart.

Beauty's strength and Treasure,  
 In Falshood still remain ;  
 She gives the greatest pleasure,  
 That gives the greatest Pain,  
 That gives the greatest Pain ;  
 She gives the greatest pleasure ;  
 She gives the greatest pleasure,  
 That gives the greatest pain ;  
 She gives the greatest pleasure,  
 She gives the greatest pleasure ;  
 That gives the greatest Pain,  
 That gives the greatest Pain.



*A Scotch SONG Sung by Mr. Leveridge, the  
Words by Mr. D'Urfe.*



**F**arewel my Bonny, bonny witty, pretty *Maggie*,  
 And aw the *Rosie* Lassies, milking on the Down;  
 A dieu the Flowry Meadows, late so dear to *Fockey*,  
 The sports and merry glee, of *Edinburgh* Town.  
 Since *French* and *Spanish* Loons, stand at Bay,  
 And Valliant Lads of Britain, hold 'em Play;  
 My Reap-huke, I mun throw quite away,  
 And Fight to, like a man,  
 Among 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.

Each Carle of *Irish* mettle, battles like a Dragon;  
 The *German* waddles and straddles to the Drum,  
 The *Italian* and the buttered bowzy Hogan Mogar,  
 Gud feth then *Scottish Fockey* may not lig at Home:  
 For since they're ganging to Hunt Renown,  
 And swear they'll quickly ding the *Monsieur* Down;  
 I'll follow for a pluck at his Crown,  
 To shew that *Scotland* can,  
 Excell 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.



Then



Then welcome from *Vigo*,  
And Cudgelling *Don Diego*,  
With Bouger Rascallions,  
And Plundring the Galloons;  
Each Brisk valliant fellow,  
Fought at Rodondello,  
And those who did meet,  
With the New found Land Fleet.  
Then for late successes,  
Which Europe Confesses,  
At Land by our gallant Commanders,  
The Dutch in strong Beer,  
Shou'd be drunk for one year,  
With their Generals Health, in Flanders.

Set by Mr. John Eccles, Sung by Mrs Hodgson





**F**Ye *Amarillis* cease to greive,  
Fy, fy, fy, fy. cease, cease to greive,  
Fy, fy, fy, fy, cease, cease to grieve,  
For him thou never canst retrieve;  
Wilt thou sigh for one that fly's thee,  
Wilt thou sigh for one that fly's thee,  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Scorn the wretch,  
Scorn the wretch, that Love deny's thee,  
Scorn the wretch, scorn the wretch,  
That Love, that Love deny's thee.

Call Pride to thy aid, and be not affraid,  
Of meeting a Swain that is Kind;  
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,  
At least, at least a more Generous Mind:  
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,  
At least a more Generous Mind,  
At least a more Generous Mind.



A SONG in the (Funeral) Song by Mrs. Harris  
Sett by Mr. Daniel Purcell.



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The  
No:  
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Pri  
No  
But



Let not Love, let not Love on me, on me bestow,  
Soft distress, soft distress and tender woe ;  
I know none, no, no, no, none but substantial Blisses,  
Eager Glances, eager Glances, solid Kisses :

I know not what the Lover feign,  
Of finer Pleasure mixt with Pain ;

Then prithee, prithee give me gentle boy,  
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, but all, all, all, all,  
[all, all the joy,

But all, all, all, all, all, all the joy.

Prithee give me, prithee give me gentle Boy,  
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all but all, all, all, all,  
[all, all the joy,

But all, all, all, all, all, all the joy.

*A SONG Sung at Richmond New Wells, the*  
*Words by M. S. Sett by Mr. Morgan.*



**A** Urelia now one Moment lost,  
A thousand sighs may after cost;  
Desires may oft return in vain,  
But Youth will ne'er return again.  
Desires may oft return in vain,  
But Youth will ne'er return again.

The fragrant sweats which do adorn,  
The glowing blushes of the morn;  
By Noon are vanish'd all away,  
Then let's *And* live to day.

Love's

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*Love's Conquest.*



**A** Sunconcern'd and free as Air,  
I did retain my liberty;  
Laugh'd at the fetters of the Fair,  
And scorn'd a beauties slave to be:  
Till your bright eyes surpriz'd my heart,  
And first inform'd me how to Love;  
Then pleasure did invade each part,  
Yet to conceal my flame I strove.

*As*

As *Indians* at a distance pay,  
Their awful reverence to the Sun;  
And dare not till he'll bless the day,  
Seem to have any thing begun:  
Thus I rest, till your smiles invite,  
My Looks and Thoughts I do constrain;  
And tremble to express delight,  
Unless you please to ease my pain.

A S O N G in the Comedy call'd (The Old Batchelour, Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.









**A**s Amoret and Thyrsis lay,  
 As Amoret and Thyrsis lay;  
 Melting, melting, melting, melting the hours in joy;  
 Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling kisses,  
 Mingling kisses, mingling kisses, and exchanging harm  
 [bliss]

He trembling cry'd with eager, eager haſt,  
 Let me, let me, let me feed, oh! oh! let me, let me,  
 Let me, let me feed; oh! oh! oh! oh! let me, let me  
 [let me, let me feed as well as thou]  
 I dye, dye, dye, I dye, dye, I dye,  
 I dye, if I'm not wholly bleſt.

The fearful Nymph replyd forbear,  
 I cannot, dare not, muſt not hear;  
 Deareſt Thyrsis, do not move me,  
 Do not, do not if you Love me:  
 O let me ſtill, the Shepherd ſaid,  
 But while ſhe fond reſiſtance made;  
 The haſty joy in ſtruggling fled.

Vex'd at the pleaſure ſhe had miſs'd,  
 She frown'd and bluſh'd, and ſigh'd and kiſs'd;  
 And ſeem'd to moan, in ſullen cooing,  
 The ſad miſcarriage of their Wooing:  
 But vain alas! were all her charms;  
 For Thyrsis deaf to Loves alarms,  
 Buſſed and ſenſeleſs, tir'd her Arms.

## A SONG.



**S**He met with a Country man,  
 In the middle of all the Green;  
 And Peggy was his delight,  
 And good sport was to be seen:

Whatever she cry'd Brave Roger,  
 I'll drink a whole glass to thee:  
 But as for John of the Green,  
 I care not a Pin for him. *he.*

Bulls and Bears, and Lyons, and Dragons,  
 And O brave Roger a Cauvery;  
 Piggins, and Wiggins, Pints, and Flaggons,  
 Oh brave &c.

He took her by the middle,  
 And caught her by the Foot: *Cont*  
 Well done brave Roger quoth she,  
 Thou hast not left thy old Wont,  
 Whatever she cry'd &c.

He clapt her upon the buttock,  
 And forth she let a fart;  
 My belly quoth she is eased by thee,  
 And I thank thee Roger for't.

*The Duke of Gloucesters March, Sett by Dr.  
Blow.*



**A** Nd now, now the Duke's march,  
 Let the Haut-boys play;  
 And his Troops in the cloſe,  
 Shall Huſſa, Huſſa, Huſſa.  
**A** nd now, now the Duke's March,  
 Let the Haut-boys play,  
 And his Troops in the cloſe,  
 Shall Huſſa, Huſſa, Huſſa, Huſſa.

**C** Ori  
 When  
 Thy  
 But oh  
 Surpr  
 Some w  
 And

A Song in the Comedy call'd the (Wifes Excuse.) H. P.



**C**orinna I excuse thy face,  
 those erring lines, which Nature drew ;  
 When I reflect that ev'ry grace,  
 Thy mind adorns, is just and true :  
 But oh thy Wit what God has sent,  
 Surprising Airy unconfin'd ;  
 Some wonder sure *Apollo* meant,  
 And shot himself into thy mind.

K



A 'Squire's Choice; or, The Coy Lady's Beauty  
him admir'd. Tune of lanthe, Page 79.

**T**He World is a Bubble, and full of decoys,  
Her glittering Pleasures are flattering Toys,  
The which in themselves no true Happiness brings,  
Rich Rubies, nay Diamonds, Chains, Jewels and Rings,  
They are but as Dross, and in time will decay,  
So will Virgin Beauty, so will Virgin Beauty,  
tho' never so gay.

Then boast not young *Phyllis*, because thou art fair,  
Soft Roses and Lillies more beautiful are,  
Than ever thou wast, when they in their prime,  
And yet do they fade in a very short time.  
All temporal Glories in time will decay,  
So will Virgin Beauty, so will Virgin Beauty,  
tho' never so gay.

Since all things are changing and nothing will last,  
Since Years, Months, and Minutes thy Beauty will blast,  
Like Flowers that fade in the fall of the Leaf,  
Afford me thy Favour and pittie my Grief,  
E'er thy Youth and Beauty do's clearly depart,  
For thou art my Jewel, for thou art my Jewel,  
the Joy of my Heart.

I value not Riches, for Riches I have,  
I value not Honour, no Honour I crave,  
But what thou art able to bless me withal,  
And if by thy Frowns to Despair I should fall,  
Then Farewel those Joys which so long I have sought,  
To languish in Sorrow, to languish in Sorrow,  
alas! I am brought,

I come not to flatter, as many have done,  
Afford me a Smile, or my Dear I shall run  
Distracted, as being disturbed in mind;  
Then now, now, or never be loving and kind,  
This Day thou canst cherish my sorrowful State;  
To morrow sweet Jewel, to morrow sweet Jewel,  
it may be too late.

You know that young Women has rail'd against Men,  
And counted them false and base flatterers, when  
We find that your Sexs are as cruel to us,  
Or else you would never have tortur'd me thus,  
As now you have done by your Darts of Disdain;  
You know that I love you, you know that I love you,  
Yet all is in vain.

---

*The Damsels Answer, To the same Tune.*

**N**OW dry up thy Tears, and no longer exclaim,  
Against thy fair beautiful *Phyllis* by name,  
Who never as yet was acquainted with Love;  
Yet here I declare by the Powers above,  
I cannot be cruel to one that is true,  
Wherefore bid thy Sorrows, wherefore bid thy Sorrows  
for ever adieu.

With all the affections that Words can express,  
I freely surrender, and can do no less,  
When as I consider in e'ery Degree,  
How loyal and faithful thou hast been to me,  
I cannot be cruel to one that is true,  
And so bid thy Sorrows, and so bid thy Sorrows  
for ever adieu.

*The Jolly Sailor's Resolution.*

**A**S I am a Sailor, 'tis very well known,  
 And I've never as yet had a Wife of my own;  
 But now I resolved for to marry if I can,  
 To show my self a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man,  
 Man, Man,  
 To show my self a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man.

Abroad I have been, and since home I am come,  
 My Wages I have took, 'tis a delicate Sum,  
 And now Mistress Hostess begins to flatter me,  
 But I have not forgot her former Cruelty,  
 ty, ty,  
 But I have not forget her former Cruelty.

Near Limehouse she liv'd, where I formerly us'd,  
 I'll show you in brief how I once was abus'd,  
 After in her House I had quite consum'd my store,  
 But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more,  
 more, more,  
 But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more.

I came to her once with a bundance of Gold,  
 And as she that beautiful Sight did behold,  
 She said with a kiss thou art welcome *John* to me,  
 For I have shed a thousand, thousand Tears for thee,  
 thee, thee,  
 For I have shed a thousand, thousand Tears for thee.

Her flattering Words I was apt to believe,  
 And then at my Hands she did freely receive,  
 A Ring which she said she would keep for *Jonny's* sake,  
 She wept for Joy as if her very Heart would break,  
 break, break,  
 She wept for Joy as if her very Heart would break.

We feasted on Dainties and drank of the best,  
 Thought I with my Friends I am happily blest,  
 For Punch, Beer and Brandy they Night and Day did call,  
 And I was honest *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all,  
 all, all,  
 And I was honest *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all.

They ply'd me so warm that in troth I may say,  
 That I scarce in a Month knew the Night from the Day,  
 My Hostess I kiss'd, tho' her Husband he was by,  
 For while my Gold and Silver lasted, who but I,  
 I, I,  
 For while my Gold and Silver lasted, who but I.

They said I should marry their dear Daughter *Kate*,  
 And in Token of Love I presented her frait,

With a Chain of Gold, and a rich and costly Head,  
 Thus *Johnny, Johnny, Johnny* by the Nose was lead,  
 lead, lead,  
 Thus *Johnny, Johnny, Johnny* by the Nose was lead.

This Life I did lead for a Month and a Day,  
 And then all my Glory begun to decay,  
 My Mony was gone, I quite consum'd my store,  
 My Hostess told me in a word, she would not score,  
 score, score,  
 My Hostess told me in a word, she would not score.

She frown'd like a Fury, and *Kate* she was coy,  
 A Kiss or a Smile I no more must enjoy,  
 Nay, if that I call'd but for a Mug of Beer,  
 My Hostess she was very deaf, and could not hear,  
 hear, hear,  
 My Hostess she was very deaf and could not hear.

But that which concerned me more than the rest,  
 My Mony was gone, and she'd needs have me prest,  
 Aboard of the Fleet, then I in a passion flew,  
 And ever since I do abhor the ranting Crew,  
 Crew, Crew,  
 And ever since I do abhor the ranting Crew.

Now having replenish'd my Stock once again,  
 My Hostess and Daughter I vow to refrain,  
 Their Company quite, and betake my self to a Wife,  
 With whom I hope to live a sober Life,  
 Life, Life,  
 With whom I hope to live a sober Life.

Then in came a Damsel as fresh as a Rose,  
 He gave her a Kiss, and begun for to close,  
 In courting, and said, canst love an honest Tar,  
 Who for these Six or Seven Years has travell'd far,  
 far, far,  
 Who for these Six or Seven Years has travell'd far.



His offer was noble, his Guinea's was good,  
And therefore the innocent Maid never stood,  
To make a denial, but granted his Request,  
And now she's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor blest,  
blest, blest,  
And now she's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor blest.

*Cupids Courtesie:*



**T**Hrough the cold shady woods,  
As I was ranging,  
I heard the pretty Birds,  
Notes sweetly changing:  
Down by the Meadows side,  
There runs a River,  
A little Boy I spy'd,  
With Bow and Quiver.

Little Boy tell me why,  
Thou art here diving?  
Art thou some Run-away;  
And hast no abiding?

*How to Purge Melancholy.*

I am no Run-away,  
*Venus* my Mother.  
She gave me leave to play,  
When I came hither.

Little Boy go with me,  
And be my servant,  
I will take care to see,  
For thy preferment:  
If with thee I should go,  
*Venus* would chide me,  
And take away my Bow,  
And never abide me.



Little Boy let me know,  
What's thy name termed,  
That thou dost wear a Bow,  
And go so armed:  
You may perceive the same,  
With often changing;  
*Cupid* it is my name,  
I live by ranging.

If *Cupid* be thy name,  
That shoot at Rovers;  
I have heard of thy Fame,  
By wounded Lovers:  
Should any languish that,  
Are set on fire;  
By such a naked Brat,  
I much admire.

If thou dost but the least,  
At my Laws grumble;  
I'll pierce thy stubborn breast,  
And make the humble,  
If I with Golden Dart,  
Wound thee but surely;  
There's no Physicians art,  
That e'er can cure thee.

Little Boy with thy Bow  
Why dost thou threaten;  
It is not long ago,  
Since thou wast beaten:  
Thy wanton Mother fair,  
Venus will chide thee;  
When all thy Arrows are gone,  
Thou may'st go hide thee.

Of powerful shafts you see,  
I am well stored;  
Which makes my Deity,  
so much adored:  
With one poor Arrow now,  
I'll make thee shiver;  
And bend unto my Bow,  
And fear my Quiver.

Dear little Cupid be,  
Courteous and kindly;  
I know thou canst not see,  
But shootest blindly:  
Although thou call'st me blind,  
Surely I'll hit thee;  
That thou shalt quickly find,  
I'll not forget thee.

Then little Cupid caught,  
his Bow so nimble;  
And shot a fatal shaft,  
Which made him tremble:  
Gettell thy Mistress dear,  
Thou canst discover;  
What all the passions are,  
Of a dying Lover.

And now this gallant heart,  
Sorely lies bleeping ;  
He felt the greatest smart,  
From Love proceeding :  
He did her help implore,  
Whom he affected,  
But found that more and more,  
Him she rejected.

For *Cupid* with his craft,  
Quickly had chozen.  
And with a Leaden shaft,  
Her heart had frozen :  
Which caus'd this Lover more,  
Daily to languish:  
And *Cupid's* aid implore,  
To heal this anguish.

He humble pardon crav'd,  
For his offence past :  
And vow'd himself a slave,  
And to love steadfast ;  
His Prayers so ardent were,  
Whilst his heart panted,  
That *Cupid* lent an Ear,  
And his suit granted.

For by his present plaint,  
He was regarded ;  
And his adored Saint,  
His Love rewarded ;  
And now they live in joy,  
Sweetly embracing,  
And left the little Boy,  
In the Woods chasing.

*The Serenading Song in the (Constant Couple, or a  
Trip to the Jubilee) Words by Mr. G. Farquhar,  
Sett by Mr. D. Purcell, Sung by Mr. Freeman.*



The





**T**Hus *Damon* knock'd at *Celia's* door,  
 Thus *Damon* knock'd at *Celia's* door,  
 He sigh'd and beg'd and wept and swore,  
 The sign was so, She answer'd no,  
 The sign was so, She answer'd no, no, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,  
 No *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, I am afraid;  
 Consider *Damon* I'm a Maid,  
 Consider *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm a Maid.

At last his sighs and tears made way,  
 She rose and softly turn'd the key,  
 Come in said she but do not, do not stay,  
 I may conclude, you will be rude,  
 But if you are you may,  
 I may conclude, you will be rude,  
 But if you are you may.

A SONG Sung by Mrs. Prince in the (Agreeable  
Disappointment.) Set by Mr. John Eccles.



**C**hloe found Love for his *Psyche* in tears,  
She play'd with his Dart and smil'd at his fears, fears;  
Till feeling at length the Poyson it keeps,  
*Cupid* he smiles and *Chloe* she weeps,  
Till feeling at length the Poyson it keeps,  
*Cupid* he smiles and *Chloe* she weeps,  
*Cupid* he smiles and *Chloe* she weeps.

**A SONG** *Sett by Mr. John Barrett.*





**L**iberia's all my Thought and Dream,  
 She's all, all, all, she's all, all, all, my Pleasure and my  
 Liberia's all that I Esteem, [pain :  
 And all I fear is her Disdain,  
 Her Wit, her Humour and her Face,  
 Please beyond all I felt before :  
 Oh! Why can't I Admire her less,  
 Or dear *Liberia*, or dear *Liberia* love me more !

Like Stars all other Female Charms,  
 Ne'er touch my Heart, but Feast my Eyes :  
 For she's the only Sun that Warms,  
 With her alone I'd live and dye :  
 Immortal Pow'rs whose Work Divine,  
 Inspires my Soul with so much Love ;  
 Grant your *Liberia* may be mine, [your Joys above.  
 And then, then, then, then, and then, then I share

A SONG, on the (Present State of the Times.)



Church



Church Scruples and Tarrs,  
 Plunge all *Europe* in Wars,  
 English *Cæsar* espouses our quarrels;  
 Predestin'd to stand,  
 Against *Lewis Legrand*,  
 And wear his new flourishing *Laurels*:  
 The cause that is best,  
 Now comes to the test,  
 For *Heaven* will no longer stand Neuter;  
 But pronounce the great Doom,  
 For old *Luther* or *Rome*,  
 And prevent all our doubts for the future.

'Twou'd turn a wise brain,  
 To consider what pain,  
 Fools take to become Politicians;  
 Pops, Bullies, and Citts,  
 All set up for Wits,  
 And ingeniously hatch new divisions:  
 Some show their hot Zeal,  
 For a new common-weal,  
 And some for a new restoration;  
 Thus cavil and brawl,  
 Till the *Monsieurs* get all,  
 And prove the best wits of the Nation.

Tho' we medicines apply,  
 Yet the Feaver boils high,  
 First caus'd by a Catholick Riot;  
 Which no cure can gain,  
 Till the breathing the vein,  
 Correct the mad pulse into quiet;  
 Yet what e'er disease,  
 On our Country may ~~be~~ *bring*,  
 Let's drink to its healing condition;  
 And rather with *William*,  
 Were *Victor* in *France*,  
 Than *Lewis* were *Englands* Physician.

## Coy Belinda, and false Amindor.



**C**oy *Belinda* may discover,  
 Love is nothing but a name;  
 'Tis not beauty warms the Lover,  
 When he tells her of his flame:  
 But she keeps a greater treasure,  
 Bills and bonds inflame his heart;  
 Charms that flow with tides of pleasure,  
 More obey'd than *Cupid's* dart.

False

False *Aminor* leave dissembling,  
 Tell her plainly you are poor;  
 Hence are all your sighs and tremblings,  
 When you talk of your amour:  
 Tho' you sigh and tho' you languish,  
 Till she gives her self away,  
 Then you soon forget your anguish,  
 And *Belinda* must obey.

*An Amorous Adress to the charming Corinna.*



*Corinna*

**C**Orinna 'tis you that I love,  
 And love with a passion (a passion) so great;  
 That death a less torment would prove,  
 Than either your frown or your hate:  
 So soft and prevailing your charms,  
 In vain I should strive to retreat;  
 Oh! then let me live in your arms,  
 Or dye in despair at your feet.

In vain I may pray to Loves powers,  
 To ease me and pity my pain;  
 Since the heart that I sue for is yours,  
 Who all other powers disdain:  
 Like a Goddess you absolute reign,  
 You alone 'tis can save or can kill;  
 To whom else then should I complain,  
 Since my fate must depend on your will.

---

*The Coy Lass dress'd up in her best Commode and  
 Top-knot.*





Do not rumple my Top-knot,  
 I'll not be kist today;  
 I'll not be hawl'd and pull'd about,  
 Thus on a holy day:

Then if your rudeness you don't leave,  
 No more is to be said;

Let this long pin upon my sleeve,

I'll run up to the head;

And if you rumple my head *Dear*,

I'll give you a good flurt onth' ear.

*It gives you a good flurt onth' ear*  
 I'll give you a worky day,

When I have my old cloaths on;

I shall not be so nice nor coy,

Nor stand so much upon:

Then hawl and pull, and do your best,

Yet I shall gentle be;

With hand, and mouth, and feel my breast,

And tickle to my knee:

I won't be put out of my rode,

I shall not rumple my Commode.



## A Scotch Song.



**F**Ye Fockey never prattle more so like a Loon,  
 No Rebel e'er shall gar my heart to Love;  
 Sawny was a Loyal Scot tho' dead and gon,  
 And Fenny in her Daddy's way with muckle joy shall move  
 Laugh at the Kirk-Apostles and the canting swarms, [King,  
 And fight with bonny Lads that love their monarchy and  
 Then Fenny fresh and blith shall take thee in her arms,  
 And give thee Twenty kisses and perhaps a better thing.

*A New Song Set for the Flute.*



After the pangs of fierce Desire,  
 The doubts and hopes that wait on Love;  
 And feed by turn's the raging fire,  
 How charming must fruition prove:  
 When the triumphant Lover feels,  
 None of those pains which once he bore;  
 Or when reflecting on his ill,  
 He makes his pleasure, pleasure more,  
 He makes his pleasure, pleasure more.

*A Song in the Dramatick Opera (of King Arthur)  
Written by Mr. Dryden.*



**F**Airest Isle, all Isles excelling,  
Seat of pleasures, and of Love;  
Venus here, will chuse her dwelling,  
And forsake her Cyprian Grove.

Cupid from his fav'rite Nation,  
Care and Envy will remove;  
Jealousy that poysons passion,  
And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle

Gentle murmurs sweet complaining,  
Sighs that blow the fire of Love;  
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,  
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

Every swain shall pay his duty,  
Grateful every Nymgh shall prove;  
And as these excel in beauty,  
Those shall be renown'd for Love.

A SONG in the Comedy call'd the (Wifes Excuse :  
Or, Cuckolds make themselves.) Sung by Mrs.  
Butler.





**H**Ang this whining way of wooing,  
 Loving was design'd a sport;  
 Sighing, talking without doing,  
 Makes a silly Idol court:  
 Don't beleive that words can move her,  
 If she be not well inclin'd;  
 She her self must be the Lover,  
 To perswade her to be kind:  
 If at last she grants the favour,  
 And consents to be undone;  
 Never think your passion gave her,  
 To your wishes but her own.

H  
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A SONG in the Opera call'd the (Fairy Queen,)  
Sung by Mr. Pate.



Here's the summer sprightly, gay,  
Smiling, wanton, fresh and fair:  
Adorn'd with all the flowers of May,  
Whose various sweets perfume the Air.  
Adorn'd with all the flowers of May,  
Whose various sweets perfume the Air:

A SONG Sung by Mrs. Ayliff in the Play call'd  
(Love Triumphant: Or, Nature will Prevail.  
Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.





How happy's the husband, how happy's the husband,  
 Whose wife has been try'd, has been try'd,  
 Not damn'd to the bed, not damn'd to the bed of an igno-  
 (rant bride;  
 Secure of what's left, secure of what's left. he ne'er misses  
 (the rest,

But where there's enough, enough, enough, but where  
 (there's enough, supposes a fast :

So foreknowing the cheat,

He escapes the deceit ;

And in spite of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be  
 (blest.

And in Spight of the curse he resolves, he resolves to be  
 (blest.

Here resolves to be blest, he resolves, he resolves to be blest.

If children are blessings, his comfort's the more,  
 Whose Spouse has been known to be fruitful before ;  
 And the Boy that she brings ready Made to his hand,  
 May stand him in stead for an heir to his land :

Shou'd his own prove a sot,

When 'tis lawfully got ;

As when e'er it is so, if it won't I'll be hang'd,

*A New Song to the Tune of the Old Bachelor.*

**I**F ever you mean to be kind,  
 To me the favour, the favour allow;  
 For fear that to morrow thou'd alter my mind,  
 Oh! let me now, now, now,  
 If in hand then a Guinny you'll give,  
 And swear by this kind embrace;  
 That another to morrow as you hope to live,  
 Oh! then I will freight unlace:  
 For why shou'd we two disagree,  
 Since we have, we have opportunity.

*A Song Sett to Musick by Mr. Will. Richardson.*



I know her false, I know her base,  
 I know that Gold alone can move;  
 I know she Jilts me to my face,  
 And yet good Gods, and yet good Gods I know I Love.

I see too plain and yet am blind,  
 Wou'd think her true while she forsooth;  
 To me and to my Rival's kind,  
 Courts him, courts me, courts him, courts me, and Jilts  
 [us both.



A SONG in the Comedy call'd (Sir Anthony  
Love: Or, The Rambling Lady,) Set by Mr.  
Henry Purcell.



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As Hill  
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Saint I  
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In vain, *Clemene*, you bestow,  
The promis'd empire of your heart ;  
You refuse to let me know,  
The wealthy Charms of every part.

My passion with your kindness grew,  
Tho' beauty gave the first desire :  
At beauty only to pursue,  
Following a wandering fire,  
Following a wandering fire.

As Hills, in perspective, suppress,  
The free enquiry of the sight :  
Restraint makes every pleasure less,  
And takes from Love the full delight.

Saint Kisses may in part supply,  
Those eager Longings of my soul ;  
But oh ! I'm lost, if you deny,  
A quick possession of the whole.

*A Mock Song to ( If Love's a sweet Passion.)*



**I**F Wine be a Cordial why does it torment,  
 If a Poyson oh ! tell me whence comes my content ?  
 Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain ;  
 Or repent ev'ry morn when I know 'tis in vain ?  
 Yet so charming the glafs is, so deep is the quart,  
 That at once it both drowns and enlivens my heart.

I take it off briskly and when it is down,  
 By my jolly complexion I make my joy known ;  
 But oh ! how I'm blest when so strong it does prove,  
 By its sovereign heat to expel that of Love :  
 When in quenching the old, I create a new flame,  
 And am wrapt with such pleasures as yet want a name;

*A SONG in the (Fairy Queen.) Sung Mrs. Dyer.*



ent ?  
lain;  
t.

I am come to lock all fast,  
Love without me cannot last:  
Love like counsels of the Wise,  
Must be hid from vulgar Eyes;  
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must conceal it,  
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.  
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.

The Loyal Subjects WISH. Mrs. Anne Morcott.





**L**et *Mary* live long,  
She's vertuous and witty,  
All charmingly Pretty,  
Let *Mary* live long,  
And reign many years:  
Wou'd the cloud was gone o'er,  
That troubles us sore:  
When the sunshine appears,  
We shall be deliver'd,  
We shall be deliver'd;  
From fury and fears.

Heavens send the King home,  
With Laurels to crown him  
Each Rebel may own him:  
And may he live long,  
And reign many years:  
When the conquest is plain,  
And three kingdoms regain'd;  
Let his enemies fall,  
Then *Cæsar* shall flourish,  
Then *Cæsar* shall flourish,  
In spite of them all.

All glorious and gay,  
Let the King live for ever:  
May he languish never, never:  
Like flowers in *May*,  
His actions smell sweet;  
When the wars are all done,  
And he safe in his Thorne;  
Trophies lay at his feet,  
With loud Acclamations,  
With loud Acclamations,  
His Majesty greet,

The Shepherdes's Lerinda's Complaint, by Walter Overbury Gent.



**L**erinda complaineth that Strephon is dull,  
 And that nothing diverting proceeds from his Skull;  
 But when once Lerinda vouch-safes to be kind,  
 To her long admirer she'll then quickly find:  
 Such strange alteration as will her confute,  
 That Strephon's transported, that Strephon's transported,  
 That Strephon's transported, and grown more accute.

Pills to Range Melancholy

A Song Set to Musick by Mr. Graves.



*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*



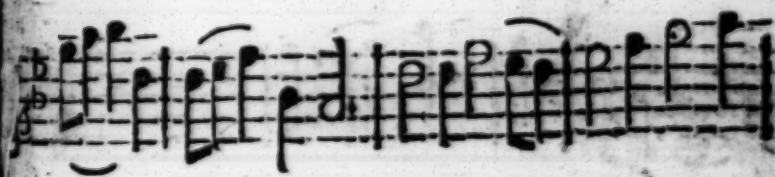
**M**Y dear *Carinna* give me leave,  
To gaze, to gaze on her I love;  
The Gods cou'd never, never yet conceive,  
Her worth, tho' from above;  
There's none on earth can equalize,  
So sweet, so sweet a Soul as she;  
Who ever gains so great a prize,  
Has all, has all that Heav'n can be.

Curse on my fate, who plac'd me here,  
In a Sphere, a Sphere, so much below;  
My Love, my Life my all that's dear;  
And yet She must not know:  
The torment for her I sustain,  
Shall ill, shall ill rewarded be;  
When loving, when loving, and not Lov'd again,  
Does prove, does prove, a Hell to me.

**M**A  
Dying  
Like  
May be  
Wor  
And on  
He

*The Royal Example.*

*Mr. Henry Purcell.*



May her blest Example chace,  
Vice in troops out of the land ;  
Dying from her awful face,  
Like trembling Ghosts when day's at hand ;  
May her Hero bring us peace,  
Won with honour in the field ;  
And our home-bred factions cease,  
He still our Sword, and She our Sheild.



*A Song the words and Tune by Mr. Witt Green*



**N**ever sigh-but think of kissing,  
 More, and more, and more of wishing ;  
 To possess the mighty blessing,  
 While they enjoy it they are true :  
 They'll hug they'll cling and heave up too,  
 But liberty when once regain'd,  
 The favour's to another feign'd.

Why shou'd we then the sex admire,  
 For 'twas never their desire ;  
 To maintain a constant Fire,  
 If oagling, wheedling you'll beleive,  
 They hourly study to deceive,  
 But we will find out better ways,  
 In Musick, Singing spend our days.

*The Royal Triumph of Britain's Monarch.*





New Pyramid's raise,  
 Bring the Poplar and Bayes,  
 To Crown our Triumphant Commander;  
 The French too shall run,  
 As the Irish have done,  
 Like the *Persians*, the *Persians*;  
 Like the *Persians*, the *Persians*,  
 Like the *Persians* before *Alexander*.

Had the *Rubicon* been,  
 Such a stream as the *Boyn*,  
 Not *Caesar*, not *Caesar*, himself had gon on;  
 King *William* exceeds, great *Caesar* in deeds,  
 More than he did, more than he did,  
 More than he did, great *Pompey* before.

Though born in a state,  
 Fore-told was his fate,  
 That he should be a monarch ador'd;  
 One Globe was too small,  
 To contain such a soul,  
 New worlds must submit to his sword.

So great and benign,  
 Is our Sov'reign Queen,  
 Made to share his Empire and bed;  
 May she fill fill his arms,  
 With her Lovely soft Charms,  
 And a race of King *William's* succeed.

Song, in the Play called, the Tragedy of Cleomenes,  
the Spartan Heroe, Sung by Mrs. Butler, Sett by  
Mr. H. Purcell.





**N**O no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour,  
 Choose to sustain the smart rather than leave her:  
 My ravish'd Eyes behold such charms about her,  
 I can, dye with her but not live without her:  
 One tender sigh of her to see me languish;  
 Will more than pay the price of my past anguish,  
 Beware, oh cruel fair how you smile on me,  
 'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,  
 And she will end my pain who did begin it;  
 Then no day void of Bliss and pleasures leaving,  
 Ages shall slide away without perceiving:  
 Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us,  
 And keep out Time and Death when they would seize us;  
 Time and death shall depart, and say in flying;  
 Love's found out a way to live by dying.





The Loyal Delights of a contented Mind. The Words  
by Mr. Mumford, Sett by Mr. H. Purcell.





O H how happy's he, who from Business free ;  
 Can enjoy his Mistress, Bottle and his Friend :  
 Not confin'd to State, nor the pride of Great ;  
 Only on himself, not others doth Depend :  
 Change can never vex him, Faction ne'er perplex him ;  
 If the World goes well a Bumper crowns his joys,  
 If it be not so, then he takes of two ;  
 Till succeeding Glasses, Thinking ~~death~~ destroy

When his noddle reels, he to *Celia* steals ;  
 And by pleasures unconfin'd runs o'er the night ;  
 In the Morning wakes, a pleasing farewell takes ;  
 Ready for fresh tipling, and for new delight :  
 When his Table's full, oh then he hugs his Soul ;  
 And drinking all their healths, a welcome doth express :  
 When the Cloth's remov'd, then by all approv'd,  
 Comes the full grace Cup, Queen *Anna's* good success.

On a Lady Drinking the Waters, The words by Sir.  
George Etherige, Sett by Mr. James Hart.



Pills lay aside your Thinking,  
Youth and Beauty shou'd be Gay,  
laugh and talk and mind your Drinking;  
Whilst we pass the Time away,  
laugh and talk and mind your Drinking,  
While we pass the Time away.

express They ought only to be pensive,  
cess. Who dare not their Grief declare,  
lest their story be offensive,  
lest still languish in despair,  
lest their, &c.

let what more torments your Lovers,  
They are Jealous they Obey,  
whose Restless mind discovers,  
O no less a Slave then They,  
the whose, &c.

*The Lascivious Lover and the coy Lass.*

**P**ill if you're rude Sir,  
 I never saw such idle fooling;  
 You're grown so lewd Sir,  
 So debauch'd I hate your ways;  
 Leave, what are you doing?  
 I see you seek my ruin,  
 I'll cry out, pray make no delay,  
 But take your hand away;  
 Ah! good Sir, pray Sir, don't you do so,  
 Never was I thus abus'd so,  
 By any man but you alone,  
 Therefore Sir pray begon.

*Advice to a Miser. Sett by Mr. James Graves.*



**R**etire old Miser, and learn to be wiser,  
In looking o'er Books ne'er spend all thy Time;  
But rather be thinking, of roaring and drinking,  
For by those to Promotion thou'lt speedily climb.

Then prithee be Jolly, desert this thy folly,  
Make welcome thy Friends and ne'er repine;  
For when thou art hurl'd, into the next world,  
Thy Heir I'll engage it in splendor will shine.

When thy breath is just vanish'd, his care will be banish'd;  
And scarce will he follow thy Corps to the grave;  
Then be cautious and wary, for nought but Canary,  
He's a Fool that for others himself do's e: slave.



A SONG in the Comedy call'd (The Wifes Excuse : Or, Cuckolds make themselves. ) Sung by Mr. Mountford. Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.





Say cruel Amoret, how long, how long,  
In billet-doux, and humble Song;  
Shall poor *Alexis*, shall poor *Alexis*, poor *Alexis* woo?  
If neither Writing, Sighing, Sighing, Dying,  
Reduce you to a soft complying,  
Oh, oh, oh, oh, when will you come too.

Full thirteen Moons are now past o'er,  
Since first those Stars I did adore,  
That set my heart on fire:  
The conscious Play-house, Parks and Court,  
Have seen my sufferings made your sport,  
Yet I am ne'er the nigher.

A faithful Lover shou'd deserve,  
A better face, than thus to starve:  
In sight of such a feast:  
But oh! if you'll not think it fit,  
Your hungry slave shou'd tast one bit;  
Give some kind looks at least.

*The Doubtful Lovers Request.*

**S**uch command o'er my Fate has your love or your hate,  
 That nothing can make me more wretched or great;  
 Whilst expiring I lie, to live or to die,  
 Thus doubtful the sentence of such I rely:  
 Your Tongue bids me go, tho' your Eyes say not so,  
 But much kinder words from their Language do flow.

Then leave me not here thus between hope and fear,  
 Tho' your Love cannot come let your pity appear;  
 But this my request. you must grant me at least,  
 And more I'll not ask but to you leave the rest;  
 If my fate I must meet, let it be at your feet.  
 Death there with more joy, than else-where I wou'd greet.

A SONG in the Play call'd (Rule a Wife and  
have a Wife.) Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.  
Sung by Mrs. Hudson.



*Tune to Range Melancholy.*

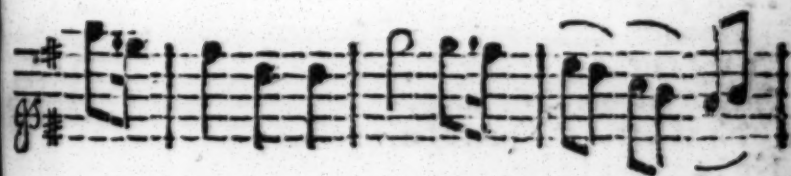
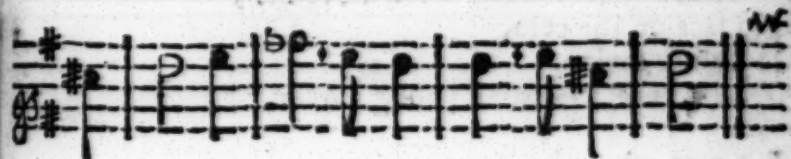


**T**Here's not a Swain on the Plain,  
 Wou'd be blest like me. (smile;  
 Oh! could you but, cou'd you but, cou'd you but, on me  
 But you appear so severe,  
 That trembling with fear,  
 My heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat, all the while:

If I cry mu<sup>n</sup> I die, you make no reply,  
 But look shy and with a scornful eye,  
 Kill me by your cruelty;  
 Oh! can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can  
 you be, can you be, can you be, can you, can you, can you be  
 too hard to me.



A S O M G Set by Mr. Barincloe.





'Tis a foolish mistake,  
 That riches can speak,  
 Or e'er for good Rhetoric pass;  
 To a fool I confess,  
 Your Gold may address,  
 Or else where the master's an ass:  
 To a woman of sense,  
 'Tis a sordid pretence,  
 That a golden Effigies can move her;  
 No face on the coin,  
 Is half so divine,  
 As that of a faithful young Lover.

But men when they love,  
 Their passion to prove,  
 From the Court to the dull Country novice;  
 To the fair they're so kind,  
 First to fathom their mind,  
 Next search the prerogative office;  
 No imprimis I give,  
 Then the fair one they leave,  
 Notwithstanding their strong protestations;  
 Till the Lady discover,  
 No fortune, no lover,  
 Then draws off her fond inclination;

A RIDDLE.



**T**Here is a thing which in the light  
Is seldome us'd, but in the night  
It serves the maiden female crew,  
The Ladies and the good wives too;  
They us'd to take it in their hand,  
And then it will uprightly stand;  
And to a hole they it apply,  
Where by its good Will it cou'd die :  
It wafts, goes out, and still within,  
It leaves it's moisture thick and thin.

---

*A Song Set by Mr. Rob. King.*





TELL me why so long you try me,  
 Still I follow still you fly me;  
 Will the race be never done,  
 Will it be ever but begun:  
 Could I quit my love for you,  
 I'd ne'er love more what e'er I do;  
 When I speak truth you think I lie,  
 You think me false but say not why.

---

A SONG in the Play call'd (Lancashire Witches.)  
 Sung by Mrs. Hudson, and Set by Mr. J. Eccles.







**T**Ormenting beauty leave my breast,  
 In spite of *Cloe* I'll have rest ;  
 In vain is all her Syren art,  
 Still longer to hold my troubled heart :  
 For I'm resolv'd to break the chain,  
 And o'er her charms the conquest gain,  
 And o'er her charms the conquest gain.

Insulting beauty I have born,  
 Too long your female pride and scorn ;  
 Too long have been your publick jest,  
 Your common Theme at ev'ry feast :  
 Let others thee, vain Fair, pursue,  
 Whilst I for ever bid adieu,  
 Whilst I for ever bid adieu,

The valiant Soldier's, and Sailor's, Loyal Subjects  
Health, to the Queen, Prince and Noble Commanders.



Now now the Queens health, -  
And let the Haut-boys play;  
Whilst the Troops on their march shall huzza, huzza,  
(huzza:

Now now the Queens health,  
And let the Haut-boys play;  
While the Drums and the Trumpets,  
Sound from the shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now the Princes health,  
And let the Haut-boys play,  
Whilst the Troops on their march, shall huzza, huzza,  
(huzza:  
Now

Now, now the Prince's health,  
 And let the Haut-boys play;  
 Whilst the Drums and the Trumpens,  
 Sound from the shore huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now the brave *Eugene's* health,  
 Who shews the French brave play;  
 And does march over rocks, let's huzza, huzza, huzza,  
 Now the brave *Eugene's* health,  
 And let the Haut-boys play,  
 Whilst the Drums and the Trumpets,  
 Sounds as they march, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now, now the Duke's health,  
 Brave *Mariborough* I say,  
 Whilst the Cannon do roar, let's huzza, huzza, huzza,  
 Now, now the Duke's health,  
 And let the Haut-boys play;  
 While the Drums and the Trumpets,  
 Sound from the shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now brave *Ormond's* Health boys,  
 Whilst Colours do display,  
 And the Britains in fight, shall huzza, huzza, huzza;  
 Now brave *Ormond's* Health boys,  
 Whilst Colours do display:  
 And the Drums and the Trumpets,  
 Sound from the shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now Sir *Cloudsly's* health boys,  
 And Trumpets sound each day,  
 Whilst the Tars with their Caps shall huzz, huzza,  
 (huzza,

Now Sir *Cloudsly's* health boys,  
 And Trumpets sound each day:  
 Whilst the Thundering Cannon,  
 Loudly do roar, huzza, huzza, huzza.

*Pills to Purge the Nation.*

Brave Peterborough's health boys,  
Who boldly makes his way,  
While the French run let us huzza, huzza, huzza;  
Brave Peterborough's health boys:  
And let the Haut-boys play,  
While the Drums and the Trumpets:  
Sound as they march, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now, now brave Leak's health,  
Who is sailed away?  
For to find the French fleet, let's huzza, huzza, huzza;  
Now, now brave Leak's health,  
Who'll shew the French fair play,  
While the Drums and the Trumpets:  
Sound from on Board, huzza, huzza, huzza.

---

*The Beau's Ballad. Occasioned by the fight of a  
White Marble Side-Table.*



**A** Pox on the Fool,  
 Who could be so dull,  
 To contrive such a Table for Glasses :  
 Which at the first sight,  
 The Guests must affright,  
 More by half than their Liquor rejoyces.

'Tis so like a Tomb,  
 That whoever does come,  
 Can't look on't without thus reflecting;  
 Heaven knows how soon,  
 We must lye under one,  
 And such thought must needs be perplexing,

Then away with that Stone,  
 Break it, throw it down,  
 To some Church or other, else fling't in :  
 'Tis fitter by far,  
 To have a place there,  
 That stand here to spoil Mirth and good Drinking.

There death let it show,  
 To those who will go,  
 And Monuments there gaze and stare at;  
 We come here to live,  
 And sad thoughts away drive,  
 With good store of immortal Claret.

Tho' the Glasses stand there,  
 They shant do so here,  
 'Tis the only kind lesson that teaches ;  
 Whilst it seems to say,  
 Life's short, Drink away,  
 No time o'er your liquour to Preach is.

Then fill up the Glass,  
 About let it pass,  
 Tho' the Marble of death doth remind us ;  
 The Wine shall ne'er die,  
 Tho' you must, and I,  
 We'll not leave a drop of't behind us.



A SONG.



MY Dear and only love take heed,  
 How thou thy self expose;  
 And let not longing Lovers feed,  
 Upon such looks as those:  
 'Till Marble Wall thee round about,  
 And Build without a door;  
 But if my love doth once break out,  
 I'll never love thee more.

If thou hast love that thou refine,  
 And though thou seeft me not;  
 Yet parrallel that heart of thine,  
 Shall never be forgot:  
 But if unconstancy admit,  
 A stranger to bear sway;  
 My treasure that proves counterfeit,  
 And he may gain the day.

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## A S O N G.

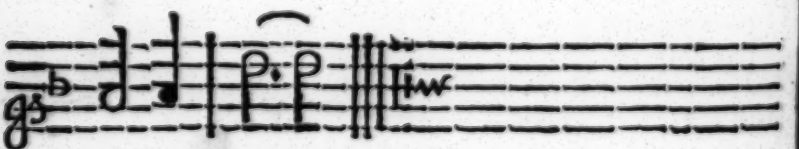
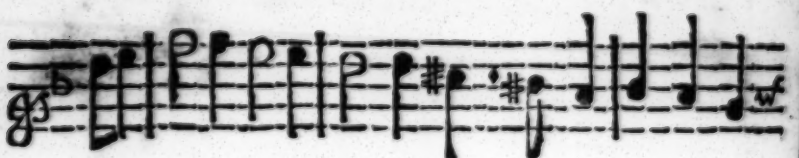
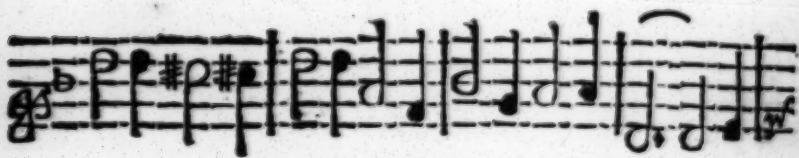


**U**nderneath the Castle Wall, the Queen of  
Love sat mourning,  
Tearing of her golden Locks, her red Rose,  
Cheeks adorning ;  
With her Lilly white hand she smote her  
Breasts,  
And said she was forsaken,  
With that the Mountains they did skip,  
And the Hills fell all a quaking.

Underneath the rotten hedge, the Tinkers  
Wife sat shiting,  
Tearing of a Cabbage leaf, her shitten A—  
A wiping ;  
With her cole black hands she scratcht her  
A—,  
And swore she was besnitten,  
With that the Pedlars all did skip,  
And the Fidlers fell a spitting.

The

*The 2d. Part of the Traders Meddly: or, The Cry  
of London.*



**C**ome buy my Greens and Flowers fine,  
Your Houses to adorn;  
I'll grind your knives, to please your wives,  
And bravely cut your corns:  
Ripe Straw-berries here I have to Sell,  
With Taffity Tarts and Pyes;  
I've Brooms to sell will please you well,  
If you'll believe your eyes.

Here's

*Pills to Purg. Malapropos.*

Here's Salop brought from foreign parts,  
With dainty Pudding-Pyes;  
And Shrewsbury-Cakes, with wardens bak'd,  
I scorn to tell you lies:  
With Laces long and ribbands broad,  
The best that e'er you see;  
If you do lack an Almanack,  
Come by it now of me.

The Tinker's come to stop your holes,  
And Sauder all your Cracks;  
What e'er you think here's dainty Ink,  
And choice of Sealing-Wax:  
Come maids bring out your Kitchin-stuff,  
Old Rags, or Womens hair;  
I'll sell you Pins for Coney-skins,  
Come by my Earthen ware.

Here's Limmons of the biggest size,  
With Eggs and Butter too;  
Brave news they say is come to day,  
If Jones's News be true:  
Here's Spiggots and fine Wooden-wares,  
With Foffets to put in;  
I'll Bottom all your broken Chairs,  
Then pray let me begin.

A Rabbat fat and plump I have,  
Young Maidens love the same;  
Come by a Bird, I'm at a word,  
Or Pullet of the Game:  
I sell the best Spice Ginger-Bread,  
You ever did Eat before;  
While Madam King, her Dumplings,  
She cry's from Door to Door.

Come buy a Comb, or buckle fine,  
For Girdle of your lase;  
My Oysters too, are very new,  
With Trumpet sounding glass:

Your

Here's



Your Lanthorn-horns I'll make them shine,  
And mend them very well ;  
There's no Jack-line so good as mine,  
As I have here to sell.

Come by my Hony and my Book,  
For Cuckolds to peruse ;  
Your Turnip-man is come again,  
To tell his Dames some news :  
I've Plums and Damsons very fine,  
With very good mellow Pears ;  
Come by a charming Dish of Fish,  
And give it to your Heirs.

Come buy my Figs, before they're gone,  
Here's Custards of the best ;  
And Mustard too, that's very new,  
Tho' you may think I jest :  
My holland-socks are very strong,  
Here's Eels do skip and play ;  
My hot grey-pease buy if you please,  
For I come no more to day.

Old Suits or Cloaks or Campaign Wigs,  
With rusty Guns or Swords ;  
When Whores or Pimps do buy my Shrimps,  
I never take their words :  
Your Chimney clean my Boy shall sweep,  
While I do him command ;  
Card matches cheap by lump or heap,  
The best in all the land.

Come taste and buy my Brandy Wine,  
'Tis newly come from *France* :  
This powder now is good I vow,  
Which I have got by chance :  
New Mackeril the best I have,  
Of any in the Town ;  
Here's Cloath to sell will please you well,  
As soft as any Down.

Work for the Cooper, Maids give ear,  
 Ill hoop your Tubs and Pails ;  
 And if your sight it is not right,  
 Here's that as never fails :  
 Milk that is new come from the Cow,  
 With Flounders fresh and fair ;  
 Here's Elder buds to purge your bloods,  
 And Onions keen and rare.

Small-coal young maids I've brought you here,  
 The best that e'er you us'd ;  
 Here's Cherries round and very sound,  
 If they are not abus'd ;  
 Here's Pippings lately come from *Kent*,  
 Pray taste and then you'll buy ;  
 But mind my Song and then e'er long,  
 You'll sing it as well as I.

---

*The Lovers* CHARM.





**T**ELL me, tell me, charming fair,  
 Why so cruel and severe;  
 Is't not you, ah! you alone,  
 Is't not you, ah! you alone,  
 Secures my wandring heart your own:  
 Change, which once the most did please,  
 Now wants the power to give me ease;  
 You've fixt me as the Centure sure,  
 And you who kill alone can cure,  
 And you who kill alone can cure.

If refusing what was granted,  
 Be to raise my passion higher;  
 Nymph believe me I ne'er wanted,  
 Art for to inflame desire:  
 Calm my thoughts serene my mind,  
 Still increasing was my joy;  
 Till *Lavinia* prov'd unkind,  
 Nothing could my peace destroy.

A S O N G in the Comedy call'd (The Maids last  
Prayer, Or, any rather then fail.)





**T**Ho' you make no return to my passion,  
Still, still I presume to adore;

'Tis in love but an odd reputation,  
When faintly repuls'd to give o'er:  
When you talk of your duty,

I gaze at your beauty;  
Nor mind the dull maxim at all,

Let it reign in *Cheapside*,  
With the Citizens Bride:

It will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, no'er, it will ne'er  
be receiv'd at *White-hall*.

What Apocryphal tales are you told,  
By one, one who would make you believe;

That because of *to have* and *to hold*,  
You still must be pin'd to his sleeve:

'Twere apparent high treason,  
'Gainst Love and 'gainst Reason,  
Shou'd one such a treasure engross;

He who knows not the joys,  
That attend such a choice,  
Shou'd resign to another that does.



*A SONG Sung by Mrs. Hudson, in the Play  
call'd (Love Triumphat: Or, Nature will Pre-  
vail.) Sett by Mr. John Eccles.*





**W**hat state of life can be so blest,  
 As Love that warms a lovers breast ;  
 Two souls in one the same desire,  
 To grant the bliss and to require :  
 But if in heaven a Hell we find,  
 'Tis all from thee oh ! Jealousy,  
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! Jealousy, thou tyrant, tyrant, Jealousy,  
 Jealousy, thou tyrant Jealousy, oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! Jealousy,  
 oh ! oh ! oh ! Jealousy, thou tyrant of the mind.

All other ills tho' sharp they prove,  
 Serve to refine and sweeten love ;  
 In absence or unkind disdain,  
 Sweet hope relieves the Lovers pain :  
 But oh ! no cure but death we find,  
 To set us free from Jealousy,  
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! &c.

False in thy glass all objects are,  
 Some set too near and some too far ;  
 Thou art the fire of endless night,  
 The fire that burns and gives no light :  
 All torments of the damn'd we find,  
 In only thee oh ! Jealousy,  
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! &c.

*The Cruel Fair requited, Written by J. R. Sett by  
Mr. James Hart.*





When Wit and Beauty meet in one,  
That acts an amorous part;  
What Nymph its mighty pow'r can shun,  
Or 'scape a wounded heart:  
Those Potent, wondrous Potent, charms,  
Where e'er they blest a Swain;  
He needs not sleep with empty Arms,  
He needs not sleep with empty Arms,  
Nor dread severe disdain.

*Asteria* saw the Shepherds bleed,  
Regardless of their pain;  
Unmov'd she heard their Oten Reed,  
They Dance and sung in vain;  
At length *Aminator* did appear,  
That Miracle of Man;  
He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,  
He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,  
— She Lov'd and call'd him P A N.

But he as tho' design'd by Fate,  
Revenger of the harms;  
Which others suffer'd from her hate,  
Rish'd and left her Charms:  
Then Nymphs no longer keep in pain,  
A plain well meaning heart;  
Lest you shou'd joyn for such disdain,  
Lest you shou'd joyn for such disdain,  
In poor *Asteria's* smart.

*The unfortunate Lover, Sett by Mr. Willis.*



What shall I do I am undone,  
Where shall I fly my self to shun ;  
Ah ! me my self my self must kill,  
And yet I die against my will.

In starry letters I behold,  
My death is in the Heavens inrol'd ;  
There find I writ in Skies above,  
That I, poor I, must die for love.

'Twas not my love deserv'd to die,  
Oh no it was unworthy I ;  
I for her love should not have dy'd,  
But that I had no worth beside.

Ah me ! that love such woe procures,  
For without her no life endures ;  
I for her virtues did her serve,  
Doth such a love a death deserve.



*A Song, Sung at the Theatre Royal, in the Play call'd,  
(Alphonso King of Naples,) Set by Mr. Eagles.*

The musical score is written on six staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes various note values, rests, and phrasing slurs. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The music is written in a single system, with each staff containing a line of music. The notation is handwritten and appears to be from an early manuscript.

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When *Sylvia* was kind, and love-play'd in her Eyes,  
 We thought it no Morning till *Sylvia* did rise;  
 Of *Sylvia* the hills and the Vallies all Rang,  
 For she was the subject of every Song.

But now, oh how little her glories do move,  
 That us'd to inflame us, with Raptures of Love;  
 Thy Rigour, oh *Silvia*, will shorten thy Reign,  
 And make our bright Goddess a Mortal again.

Love heightens our Joys, he's the ease of our Care,  
 A spur to the Valiant, a Crown to the fair;  
 Oh seize his soft wings then before 'tis too late,  
 Or Cruelty quickly will hasten thy fate.

'Tis kindness, my *Silvia*, 'tis kindness alone,  
 Will add to thy Lovers, and strengthen thy Throne;  
 In Love, as in Empire, Tyrannical sway,  
 Will make Loyal Subjects forget to Obey.

*The Shepherds Complaint, Sett by Mr. William Williams,*



**W**hat, Love a crime, Inhumane fair ?  
 Repeal that rash Decree,  
 As well may pious Anthems bear ;  
 The name of Blasphemy :  
 'Tis Bleeding Hearts and Weeping Eyes,  
 Uphold your Sexes Pride ;  
 Nor cou'd you longer Tyrannize,  
 My fetters laid a side.

Then

Then from your haughty Vision make,  
And listen to my Moan ;  
Tho' you refuse me for my sake,  
Yet pity for your own :  
For know proud Sheherdese you owe,  
The victim you despise ;  
More to the strictness of my Vow,  
Then glories of your Eyes.

---

*A Song in the Opera, call'd the (Faiery Queen,)  
Sung by Mrs. Butler, Sett by Mr. H. Purcell.*





**W**hen I have often heard young Maids complaining,  
That when Men promise most they most deceive;  
Then I thought none of them worthy my gaining,  
And what they swore I would never believe:  
But when so humbly one made his addresles,  
With Looks so soft, and with Language so kind;  
I thought it Sin to refuse his Carelles,  
Nature o'er came and I soon chang'd my mind.

Should he employ all his Arts in deceiving,  
Stretch his Invention and quite crack his Brain,  
I find such Charms, such true Joys in believing,  
I'll have the pleasure, let him have the pain:  
If he proves perjur'd I shall not be cheated,  
He may deceive himself but never me;  
Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated,  
For I'm as false, and inconstant as he.



# A SONG.



The King is gone to Ox-on Town, with all his might



and main a; The Nobles they at—tending



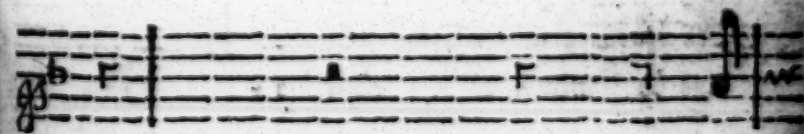
on, with all their gallant Train a: The May'r



of the Town in his Furr Gown, gave the



King such at thing, the like was never seen;



A pair of Gloves, I say a pair of Gloves, made



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*Prince Eugene's Health. A SONG, Sett by Mr.  
John Barrett, the Words by Mr. D'Urley.*





**Y**ou the glorious Sons of honour,  
 That each hour your fame advance ;  
 Pray take notice in what manner,  
*Lewis* prizes it in *France* :  
 In the *Reswick* charte remember,  
 He great *William* lawful Names ;  
 But grown doating last *September*,  
 Loudly sounds, Loudly sounds up another *James* :  
 Routs our trade too,  
 And wou'd no doubt invade too ;  
 Could he turn the *Oglio*,  
 Into *Seine* which our boys in *Italy*,  
 All resolve shall never be,  
 Drink, drink, drink, drink, we then a flowing glass  
 To Prince *Eugene*.

Like

Like the Peasant in the Fable,  
As we read in times of old ;  
Rated from the Satyrs table,  
For his blowing hot and cold :  
From his own and every nation,  
*Monsieur* should be rated so ;  
Who on every vile occasion,  
With all sorts of winds can blow :  
Sign a peace too.  
And break it with as much ease to,  
Take an Oath now and freight deny't again ;  
But that this and all that's past,  
May come home to him at last,  
Prosper may the conquering Arms of Prince *Eugene*.

With Despotick Resolution,  
He from Subjects Gold can tear ;  
Praise be to our Constitution,  
We have no such doings here :  
Government in blest condition,  
When to just Law 'tis confin'd ;  
But tyrannick disposition,  
Ne'er yet agreed with the English kind :  
Whilst *Carero*,  
Combin'd with gallick *Nero* ;  
*Anjou's* crown then unjustly would maintain,  
And th'imperial claim Controul :  
Chearing still each heart and soul,  
Let us see the glass go round to Prince *Eugene*.



*A Health to the Imperialist's : Or, An Invective Ode  
on the Treachery of the Elector of Bavaria; in  
Words by Mr. D'Urfey. To a Tune of Mr. J. C.*





U<sup>l</sup>mis gon,  
 But basely won,  
 And treacherous *Bavaria* there, has buried his Renown ;  
 That Strolling Prince,  
 Who few years since,  
 Was cram'd with *William's* gold :  
 Pension lost,  
 And hopes too crost,  
 Of having more from *British* store to keep his wanted post ;  
 To aid in vain,  
 Surping *Spain*,  
 Himself to *France* has sold ;  
 For 'tis plain,  
 Tho' plots were vain,

That

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

That *Ausburg* was th'intended project of his brain;  
The mem'ry of *Nassaw*,  
Was valu'd not a straw,  
Had *Monsieur* reliev'd *London*:  
Let him go,  
A worthless foe,  
And whilst the Princes round resolves his overthrow;  
A Jolly bottle bring,  
Great *Baden's* Praises sing.  
And th' *Roman's* vallant King.

Lost in Fame,  
Involv'd in shame,  
Thou odious Scandal to the noble *Maximilian's* name,  
Who durst debase,  
Imperial grace,  
And thus provoke the *Ban*,  
Honour slight,  
And royal Right,  
Expected daily by the Circles on their side to fight;  
For *Spain's* ill Cause,  
And *French* Kickshaws,  
Turn basely cat in pan:  
But go on,  
Forlorn undone,  
And e'er his yearly course, arround has rowl'd the sun;  
Deserted and disgrac'd,  
Still routed too and chac'd,  
In chain's thou may'st groan thy last:  
Or my Fate,  
To prove her hate,  
Thy falshood to the misery of war translate;  
And there so low appear,  
A *Fuzée* may'st thou bear,  
Like some poor Musqueteer.

SONG. *The Words and Tune by Mr. Edward Keen. Sung by Mrs. Willis, in the Play call'd (The Heiress : Or, the Sallamanca Doctor.)*





**C**elia's bright beauty all others transcend,  
Like Lovers Sprightly Goddess she's flippant and gay,  
Her rival admirers in crouds do attend,  
To her their devoirs and addressees to pay:  
Pert gaudy coxcombs the fair one adore,  
Grave Dons of the Law and queer Prigs of the Gown,  
Close Misers who brood o'er their treasure in store,  
And Heroes for plundering of modern renown:  
But men of plunder can ne'er get her under,  
And Misers all women despise,  
She balks the pert fops in the midst of their hopes,  
And laughs at the Grave and Precise.

Next she's caress'd by a musical crew,  
Shrill Singing and Fiddling, Beaus warbles o'th Flute,  
And Poets whom Poverty still will pursue,  
That's a just cause for rejecting their suit:  
Impudent Fluters the Nymph does abhor,  
And Lovers with Fiddle at neck she disdains;  
For these thought to have her for whistling for,  
They courting with guts shew'd defect in their brains:  
And to the pretender to make her surrender,  
By singing no favour she'll show;  
For she'll not make choice of a shrill Capons voice,  
For a politick reason you know.



in (Love's a Jest,) Set, by Mr, John Eccles,  
by Mrs. Hudson.



Mortal's learn your Lives to measure,  
Not by length of Time but Pleasure;  
Now the Hours invite comply,  
Whilst you idly pause they fly ye:  
Nest whilst a nimble pace they keep,  
But in torment, in torment when they creep.

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Portals learn your Lives to measure,  
Not by length of Time but Pleasure;  
Soon your Spring must have a fall,  
Losing Youth is losing all;  
Then you'll ask but none will give,  
And may linger but not live.

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*An Ode on the Union of the King and Parliament, by  
Mr. D'Urfey, the Tune by Mr. Jer. Clarke.*



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WHilst the *French* their Arms discover,  
 By the Troops abroad they bring ;  
 We with joy can send 'em over,  
 Tidings that can make all *Europe* Ring :  
 English boys renown'd for warring,  
 As Fame's glorious records shew ;  
 Best by Fate now leave off Jarring,  
 And resolve to joyn 'gainst the common foe :  
 No more frowning *Batavians* think of drowning,  
 But to *Spaniards* this jolly ditty sing,  
*England's* Senate now agrees,  
*Cesar* can secure your Peace ;  
 Chant it at the crowning,  
 Of their infant King.

*Spain's* Sons no danger fearing,  
 Whilst their royal Fleet's well man'd ;  
 Know tho' yet no storm's appearing,  
 Peace is always best with sword in hand :  
 Honour's but an empty notion.  
 As our plotting neighbour shews ;  
 Breach of Faith may raise commotion,  
 And in proper season may come to blows :  
 Great five hundred pray let us not be plunder'd,  
 Save our lands then and all unite at home ;  
 Guard the Crowns prerogative,  
 Boldly vote and nobly give,  
 Then let any insolent invader come.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Ackeroy'd.





**Z**ounds Madam return me my heart,  
Or by the Lord *Harry* I'll make ye;  
Tho' you sleep when I talk of my smart,  
As I hope to be Knighted I'll wake ye;  
If you rant why by *Jove*,  
Then I'll rant as well as you;  
There's no body cares for your puffing.  
Your mistaken in me;  
Nay prethee, prethee, prethee pish,  
We'll try whose the best at a huffing.

But if you will your heart surrender,  
And confess your self uncivil;  
'Tis probable I may grow tender,  
And recal what I purpos'd of evil:  
But if you still persist in rigour,  
'Tis a thousand to one but I teeze you;  
For you'll find so much heat and such vigour,  
As may trouble you forsooth or please you.



SONG in the (Royal Mischief.) Set by Mr.  
John Eccles. Sung by Mr. Leveridge.



U Nguarded lies the wishing Maid,  
Distrusting not to be betray'd ;  
Ready to fall with all her charms,  
A shining treasure to your arms :  
Who hears this story must believe,  
No heart can truer Joy receive ;  
Hence to take Love and give it too,  
Is all that Love for hearts can do.

A SONG in the Play call'd (Self Conceit: Or  
the Mother made a Property.) Set by Mr. John  
Eccles; Sung by Mrs. Bowman.





**O**h ! the mighty pow'r of Love,  
What Art against such Force can move ;  
The harmleſs ſwain is ever bleſt,  
Beneath ſome Silent Shady Grove ;  
Until ſome Nymph invade his Breſt,  
And diſapprove his eager Love.

Oh ! the mighty pow'r of Love,  
What Art against ſuch Force can move ;  
The Greateſt Hero who in Arms,  
Has gain'd a thouſand Victories :  
Submits to *Celia's* brighter Charms,  
And dreads a killing from her Eyes.

*A Scotch Song Sett by Mr. Robert Cox.*



**W**hen *Fockey* first I saw my soul was charm'd,  
 To see the bonny Lad so blith, so blith and gay ;  
 My heart did beat it being alarm'd,  
 That I to *Fockey* nought, nought could say :  
 At last I courage took and passion quite forsook,  
 And told the bonny Lad his charms I felt ;  
 He then did smile with a pleasing look,  
 And told me *Fenny* in his arms, his arms should melt.

Song. Sung by Mrs. Temple, Set by Mr. J. Clark.



I See no more to shady coverts,  
Fockey's Eyn are all my joy ;  
Beauty's there I Ken that cannot,  
Must not, shall not, steal away :  
What wou'd Fockey now do to me,  
Surely you're to me unkind ;  
Ye ne'er see you, nay you fly me,  
Yet are ne'er from out my mind.

Tell



Why 'tis thus you use me,  
Take me quickly to your Arms;  
Where in blisses blichly basking,  
Each may rival others charms:  
O but fy my Fockey pray now,  
What d'ye; do not let me go;  
O I vow you will undo me,  
What to Do I do not know.

*A Song Sett by Mr. Phill. Hart.*





**T**Ho' I love and she knows it she cares not,  
She regards not my passion at all;  
But to tell me she hates me she spares not,  
As often as on her I call:  
'Tis her pleasure to see me in pain,  
'Tis her pain to grant my desire;  
Then if ever I love her again,  
May I never, never, never, never, may I never, be free  
from love's fire.

Mirtillo



Mirtillo, A Song Set by Mr. Tho: Clark.



**M***irtillo* whilst you patch your Face,  
 By nature form'd so Fair;  
 We know each spot conceals a Grace,  
 And wish, and wish to see it bare;  
 But since our wish you've gratifi'd,  
 We find, we find, 'twas rashly made,  
 And that those spots were but to hide, to hide,  
 Excess of lustre lay'd:  
 And that those sports were but to hide, to hide,  
 Excess of lustre Lay'd.

# The Rambling RAKE.



**H**AVING spent all my Coyn,  
Upon Women and Wine,  
I went to the C——h out of spite;  
But what the Priest said,  
Is quite out of my Head,  
I resolv'd not to Edlisy by't.

While he open'd his Text,  
I was plaguily vext,  
To see such a sly Canting Crew:  
Of Satan's Disciples,  
With P——r Books and B——s,  
Enough to have made a Man Spew.

All the Women I view'd,  
Both Religious and Lewd,  
From the Sable Top-knots to the Scarlets:  
But a Wager I'd Lay,  
That at a full Play,  
The House does not swa:m so with Harlots,

Lady

F—— there sits,  
Most out of her Wits,  
Twixt Lust and Devotion debating;  
She's as Vicious as Fair,  
And has more Business there,  
Than to hear Mr. *Tickle-text*'s prating.

Madam L—— I saw,  
With her Daughters-in-law,  
Whom she offers to sale ev'ry Sunday;  
In the midst of her prayers,  
She'll negotiate affairs,  
And make assignations for Monday.

Next a Lady much Fam'd,  
Therefore must not be nam'd,  
'Cause She'll give you no trouble in Teaching;  
She has a very fine Book.  
But does ne'er in it look,  
Nor regard either Praying or Preaching.

There's a *Baronet's* Daughter,  
Her own Mother taught her,  
By Precept and Practical Notion;  
That to wear Gawdy Cloaths,  
And to Ogle the Beaus,  
Was at Church two sure signs of Devotion.

From the Corner oth' Square,  
Comes a hopeful young Pair,  
Religious as they see occasion:  
But if Patches and Paint,  
Be true signs of a Saint,  
We've no reason to Doubt their Damnation.

When the Sermon was done,  
He blest ev'ry one,

And



And they like good Christians retir'd;  
Tho' they view'd ev'ry face,  
Each Head and each Dress,  
Yet each one her self most admir'd.

I had view'd all the rest,  
But the Parson had blest,  
With his Benediction the People;  
So I ran to the Crown,  
Least the Church should fall down,  
And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.

---

*The Airy Old Woman.*



Y  
That I  
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**Y**ou guess by my wither'd Face,  
And Eyes no longer Shining ;  
That I can't Dance with a Grace,  
Nor keep my pipes from whining :  
Yet I am still Gay and Bold,  
To be otherwise were a Folly ;  
Methinks my blood is grown Cold,  
I'll warm it then thus and be Jolly :  
jolly, jolly, jolly jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, &c.  
Methinks my blood is grown Cold,  
grown cold, grown cold, grown cold, &c.  
I'll warm it then thus and be jolly.

I find by the slighting Beau's,  
That Nature is Declining ;  
Yet will I not knit my Brows,  
Nor end my Days in pining :  
Let other Dames Fret and Scold,  
As they pass to the Stygian Ferry ;  
You see though I am grown Old,  
My Temper is youthful and Merry :  
Merry, merry, merry, merry, &c.  
You see though I am grown Old,  
grown old, grown old, grown old, &c.  
My Temper is Youthful and Merry.

# A SONG.



**A**LL joy to Mortals joy and Mirth,  
 Eternal Io's sing;  
 The Gods of Love descend to earth,  
 Their Darts have lost their Sting.

The youth shall now complain no more,  
 On *Silvia's* needless Scorn,  
 But she shall Love if he adore,  
 And melt when he shall burn.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,  
 But leave the Jilting Road;  
 And *Daphne* now no more shall Fly,  
 The wounded Painted God.

But all shall be Serene and Fair,  
 No sad complaints of Love;  
 Shall fill the gentle whispering Air,  
 No Ecchoing sighs the Grove.

Beneath the shades young *Strephon* lies,  
 Of all his wish possess'd;  
 Gazing on *Sylvia's* charming Eyes,  
 Whose Soul is there confess'd.

All soft and sweet the Maid appears,  
 With looks that know no Art;  
 And though she yields with Trembling Fears,  
 She yields with all her heart.

*The Saint turn'd Sinner: Or the Dissenting Parson's  
Text under the Quaker's Petticoats.*



**Y**ou Friends to Reformation,  
Give Ear to my Relation,  
For I shall declare Sir,  
Before you are aware Sir,  
The matter very plain,  
The matter very plain;  
A Gospel Cushion Thumper,  
Who Dearly lov'd a Bumper.

*And*

And something else beside Sir,  
If he is not bely'd Sir,  
This was a holy Guid Sir,  
For the Dissenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,  
His Flesh was so unruly  
He could not for his Life Sir,  
Pass by the Drapers Wife Sir,  
The Spirit was so faint:  
The Spirit was so faint:  
This jolly handsom Quaker,  
As he did overtake her,  
She made his mouth to water,  
And thought long to be at her,  
Such Sin is no great matter,  
Accounted by a Saint.

(Says he) *my pretty Creature,*  
*Your Charming Handsom Feature,*  
*Has set me all on Fire,*  
*You know what I desire,*  
There is no harm in Love,  
(Quoth she) if that's your Notion,  
To Preach up such Devotion,  
Such hopeful guides as you Sir,  
Will half the World undo Sir,  
A Halter is your due Sir,  
If you such Tricks approve.

The Parson still more eager,  
Than Lustful Turk or Neger,  
Took up her Lower Garment,  
And said there was no harm in't,  
According to the Text;  
For Solomon more wiser,  
Than any dull adviser,  
Had many Hundred Misses,  
To crown his Royal Wishes,  
And why shou'd such as this is,  
Make you so sadly vex.



375  
Frighted Female Quaker,  
wou'd what he would make her,  
wou'd forc'd to call the Watch in,  
and stop what he was hatching,  
To spoil the light within;  
To spoil the light within;  
They came to her assistance,  
As he did make resistance,  
Against the Priest and Devil,  
The Actors of all Evil,  
Who were so Grand uncivil,  
To tempt a Saint to Sin.

The Parson then Confounded,  
To see himself surrounded,  
With Mob and sturdy Watch-men,  
Whose Business 'tis to catch men,  
In Lewdness with a Punk;  
In Lewdness with a Punk;  
He made some faint excuses,  
And all to hide abuses,  
In taking up the Linnen,  
Against the Saints Opinion,  
Within her soft Dominion,  
Alledging he was Drunk.

But tho' he feigned Reeling,  
They made him pay for feelling,  
And Lugg'd him to a Prison,  
To bring him to his reason,  
Which he had lost before;  
Which he had lost before;  
And thus we see how Preachers,  
That should be Gospel-Teachers,  
How they are strangely blinded,  
And are so Fleshly minded,  
Like Carnal Men inclined,  
To Lie with any Whore.

A SONG Set by Mr. Anthony Young.



I Try'd in Parks and Plays to find,  
An object to appease my Mind ;  
But still in vain it does appear,  
Since Fair *Hyrtuilia* is not there :  
In vain alas I hope for Ease,  
Since none but She alone can please.

*A Song Set by Mr. H. Purcell.*



*Hillis*, I can ne'er forgive it,  
Nor I think shall e'er out-live it;  
Thus to treat me so severely,  
Who have always lov'd sincerely.

*Damon*, you so fondly cherish,  
Whilst poor I, alas! may perish;  
That love which he did never,  
Leave you slight, and him you favour.

# A SONG.



**B**Lush not Reder than the Morning,  
 Though the Virgin give you Warning :  
 Sigh not at the chance besel you,  
 Though they smile and dare not tell you.  
*Sigh not at &c.*

Maids like Turtles love the Cooing,  
 Bill and Murmur in their Wooing ;  
 Thus like you they start and Tremble,  
 And their troubled Joys dissemble.  
*Thus like you &c.*

Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,  
 Though your Beauty's now a blooming ;  
 Left old Time our Joys should sever,  
 Ah! ah! they part, they part for ever.  
*Left old Time, &c.*

L O  
 I  
 To A  
 Tara  
 Keep,  
 Your  
 Fall o  
 Victori

**A SONG.** *Sett by Mr. Henry Purcell.*



**L** Ove's Pow'r in my Heart, shall find no compliance,  
I'll stand to my Guard and bid open defiance;  
To Arms, I will muster my Reason and Senses;  
*Ta ra ra, Ta ra ra, a War now commences.*

Keep, keep, a strict Watch, and observe ev'ry motion;  
Your Care to his Cunning exactly proportion;  
Fall on, he gives ground, let him never recover,  
*Victoria! Victoria!* the Battle is over.



*A SONG, Sett by Mr. James Hart.*



**H**onest Shepherd, since you're poor,  
Think of loving me no more,  
Take advice, in time,  
Give o'er your Solicitations:  
Nature does in vain dispence,  
To your Vertue, Courage, Sense,  
Wealth can only influence,  
Woman's Inclinations.

What fond Nymph can e'er be kind,  
To a Swain but rich in Mind,  
If as well she does not find  
Gold within his Coffers?  
Gold alone does Scorn remove,  
Gold alone incites to Love,  
Gold can most perswasive prove,  
And make the fairest Offers.

A SONG, the Words by Captain Danvers, Set  
by Mr. T. Willis.



**F**orgive me *Cloe* if I dare,  
 Your Conduct disapprove :  
 The Gods have made you wond'rous Fair,  
 Not to Disdain but Love :  
 Those nice pernicious forms despise,  
 That cheat you of your bliss ;  
 Let Love instruct you to be wise,  
 Whilst Youth and Beauty is.

Too late you will repent the time,  
 You lost by your disdain ;  
 The Slaves you scorn now in your prime,  
 You'll ne'er retrieve again :  
 But when those Charms shall once decay,  
 And Lovers disappear,  
 Despair and envy shall repay ;  
 Your being now severe.

---

*A SONG in the ( Rival Sisters, ) Sett by Mr.  
 Henry Purcell, Sung by Miss Croft.*





**H**ow happy, how happy is she,  
How happy, how happy is she,  
That early, that early her Passion begins;  
And willing, and willing with Love to agree,  
Does not stay till she comes to her Teens;  
Then, then she's all pure and chaste,  
Then, then she's all pure and chaste;  
Like Angels her smiles to be priz'd,  
Pleasure is seen Cherub Fac'd,  
And Nature appears, and Nature appears undisguis'd.

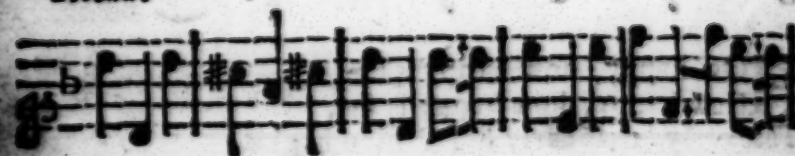
From Twenty to Thirty, and then,  
Set up for a Lover in vain,  
By that time we study how Men,  
May be wrack'd with neglect and disdain:  
Love dwells where we meet with desire,  
Desire which Nature has given,  
She's a Fool then that feeling the fire,  
Begins not to warm at Eleven.

*The Kings Health. Sett to Farinell's Grounds.*  
*Six Parts by Mr. D'Ursey.*

*First Strain.*



*Second.*





*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

*Third Strain.*



*Fourth Strain.*



*Figg:*



*Sixth Strain.*



*Bills to Purgate Mankind.*

*The First Strain.*

**J**OY to Great *Cæsar*,  
Long Life, Love and Pleasure ;  
'Tis a Health that Divine is,  
Fill the Bowl high as mine is ;  
Let none fear a Feaver,  
But take it off thus Boys ;  
Bet the King live for ever,  
'Tis no matter for us Boys :

*The Second Strain.*

Try all the Loyal,  
Defy all,  
Give denial ;  
Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,  
Nor any *Prig* here,  
Or Sneaking *Whig* here,  
Of Cripple *Tony's* Crew,  
That now looks-blew,  
His Heart akes too,  
The *Tap* won't do,  
His Zeal so true,  
And Projects new,  
Ill Fate does now pursue :

*The Third Strain.*

Let *Tories* Guard the King ;  
Let *Whigs* in Halts swing ;  
Let *Pisk* and *Shute* be sham'd,  
Let Bugg'ring *Oats* be damn'd ;  
Let Cheating *Player* be Nick'd,  
The turn-coat Scribe be Kick'd ;  
Let Rebel *City* Dons,  
Ne'er beget their Sons ;

*Pills to Purge Melancholy*

Let ev'ry *Wiggish* Peer,  
That Rapes a Lady fair,  
And leaves his only Dear,  
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,  
Be punish'd out of hand,  
And forc'd to pawn his Land,  
T' attone the grand Affair.

*The Fourth Strain.*

Great *Charles*, like *Jehovah*,  
Spare those would Sla-King Him;  
And warms with his *Graces*,  
The *Vipers* that sting Him:  
Till Crown'd with just Anger,  
The Rebels he Seizes;  
Thus Heaven can thunder,  
When ever it pleases.

*Figg.*

Then to the *Duke* fill, fill up the *Glass*,  
The Son of our *Martyr*, belov'd of the *King*:  
Envy'd and Lov'd,  
Yet blest from above,  
Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wings.

*The Sixth Strain.*

Faction and Folly,  
And State Melancholy,  
With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell;  
Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty,  
Then teach us our Duty,  
For none e'er can Love, or be Wise and Rebel.

*A Royal Ode by Mr. D'Ursey ; Congratulating the  
Happy Accession to the Crown, and Coronation of  
our most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen ANNE.  
The Words in Imitation of the foregoing Song, and  
fited to some Strains of the same Ground.*

*First Strain.*



*Second Strain.*





*Third Strain.**Fourth Strain.*

*Pills to Purge Malancholly.*



*First Strain.*

**M***ars* now is Arming,  
 The War comes on Storming;  
 All *Europe* is viewing,  
 What *England* is doing;  
 The flighted (1) *Memorial*,  
 In *France* and th' *Escorial*,  
 Has balk'd (2) *Gallick Nero*,  
 And *Porto* (3) *Carero*;  
 Brittain's cease weeping,  
 For (4) *Pax* that lyes sleeping;  
 Tho' *Jove* us denies him,  
 Yet (5) *Pallas* supplies him.  
 Then Sing out yet *Muses*,  
 What *Pæabus* infuses;  
 Divine is the occasion,  
 Queen *Anne's* Coronation.

- (1) *The French Memorial.*
- (2) *The French R.*
- (3) *The new R. of Spain's chief Minister.*
- (4) *King William.*
- (5) *Queen Anne.*

*Second Strain.*

Pair your hearts and joyn,  
 For now the rightful Line;  
 Has left you no Excuse,  
 For Jarring or abuse;  
 The thought of Right and Wrong,  
 That plagu'd ye all so long;  
 No more be now let in,  
 To raise the *Senates* Spleen;

Not

Nor simple Fewds let grow,  
 Twixt High Church and the Low ;  
 But all resolve to go,  
 To One at least for show ;  
 And then made happy so,  
 Direct your Angers blow,  
 Against the Common Foe.

*Third Strain.*

Divine *Gloriana*,  
 Now Rules the Glad Nation ;  
 Mild Prudent and Pious,  
 Without Affectation ;  
 Since Justice and Pity,  
 Her life still renewing ;  
 And Queen of all hearts,  
 E'er the Pageant of Crowning :

*Fourth Strain.*

All the Radiant court of Heaven have blest Her,  
 Bright *Astrea* leaves the Sky to assist Her ;  
 Whilst on her from all,  
 Revolves the Sacred praise,  
 Of fam'd *Eliza's* Days.

*Sing then ye Muses,*  
*What Phœbus infuses ;*  
*Divine is the Occasion,*  
*Queen Anne's Coronation.*

This Cho. may be sung to the Ground-Bass.

The Duke of Marlboroughs Health. Set by  
Mr. R. Cox.



Come, here's a good Health, the Duke I do mean,  
That bravely Fought, that bravely Fought for his  
May his Fare still be, [Nation and Queen,  
That Conquer shall he,  
Till the Nation with Peace it be Crown'd;  
Come Lads never think,  
But his Health let's Drink,  
And Sing his Great Praise, and Sing his Great Praise while  
Bumpers pass Round.

A Happy Memorable Ballad,  
On the Fight near Audenarde, between the Duke of  
Marlborough, of Great-Britain; and the Duke  
of Vendosme, of France. As also the strange and  
wonderful Manner how the Princes of the Blood  
Royal of France, were found in a Wood: In  
allusion to the Unhappy Memorable Song com-  
monly call'd Chevy-Chace.



**G**OD prosper long our Gracious Queen,  
Our Lives and Safeties all,  
A woful Fight of late there did  
Near Audenarde befall.

To drive the French with Sword and Gun,  
Brave Marlborough took his Way,  
Ah! wo the Time that France beheld  
The Fighting of that Day.

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had sworn  
Vendosme shou'd pay full dear  
For Ghent and Bruges, e'er his Fame  
Should reach his Master's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,  
And chosen Men of Might,  
He with the French began to wage  
A sharp and bloody Fight.

The



*Pills to Purge Malanthropy.*

The Gallant Britains swiftly ran  
The French away to chase,  
On Wednesday they began to fight,  
When Day-light did decrease.

And long before high-Night, they had  
Ten thousand Frenchmen slain,  
And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,  
As they were dy'd in grain.

The Britains thro' the Woods pursu'd,  
The nible French to take,  
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,  
And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,  
In Hopes Vendosme to meet.  
When lo! the Prince of Carignan  
Fell at his Grace's Feet:

Oh! Gentle Duke forbear, forbear,  
Into that Wood to shoot;  
If ever pity mov'd your Grace,  
But turn your Eyes and look;

See where the Royal Line of France,  
Great Lewis's Heirs do lie;  
And sure a Sight more piteous was  
Ne'er seen by Mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,  
Like wax before the Sun,  
To see their Glory at an end,  
E'er yet it was begun.

When as our General found your Grace  
Would needs begin to fight,  
As thinking it wou'd please the Boys,  
To see so fine a Sight.

*He straightway sent them to the Top  
Of yonder Church's Spire,  
Where they might see and yet be safe  
From Swords and Guns, and Fire:*

*But first he took them by the Hand,  
And kiss'd them e'er they went,  
Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,  
As if they knew th' Event.*

*Then said, he would with Speed return,  
Soon as the Fight was done,  
But when he saw his Men give Ground,  
Away he basely run,*

*And left these Children all alone,  
As Babes wanting Relief,  
And long they wandred up and down,  
No Hopes to chear their Grief.*

*Thus Hand in Hand they walked, till  
At last this Wood they spy'd,  
'And when they saw the Night grow dark,  
They here lay down and cry'd.*

*At this the Duke was inly mov'd,  
His Breast soft Pity beat,  
And so he straightway order'd  
His Men for to retreat.*

*And now but that my Pen is blunt,  
I might with ease relate,  
How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,  
Besides what found their Fate.*

*Nor shou'd the Prince of *Hamover*  
In Silence be forgot,  
Who like a Lyon fought on Foot,  
After his Horse was shot.*

And

And what strange Chance likewise befall,  
 Unto these Children dear,  
 But that your Patience is too much  
 Already tir'd, I fear;

And so God bless the Queen and Duke,  
 And send a lasting Peace,  
 That Wars and foul Debare henceforth  
 In all the World may cease.

---

*Another Ballad on the Battle of Audenarde. Set by  
 Mr. Leveridge.*



1

**Y**E Commons and Peers,  
 Pray lend me your Ears,  
 I'll Sing you a Song if I can,  
 How *Lewis le Grand*,  
 Was put to a Stand,  
 By the Arms of our Gracious Queen *Anne*.

How

How his Army so great  
Had a total Defeat,  
Not far from the River of *Dender* :  
Where his Grand-Children twain,  
For fear of being Slain,  
Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

3

To a Steeple on High  
The Battle to Spy,  
Up Mounted these clever young Men ;  
And when from the Spire  
They saw so much Fire  
They cleverly came down again.

4

Then a Horse-back they got  
All upon the same spot,  
By advice of their Cousin *Vendosme*  
O Lord ! cry'd out he  
Unto young *Burgundy*,  
Would your Brother and you were at Home.

5

Just so did he say  
When without more delay  
At way the young Gentry fled ;  
Whose heels for that Work  
Were much lighter than Cork,  
But their Hearts were more heavy then lead.

6

Not so did behave  
The young *Hamover* brave

*Pills to Purge Melancholy.*

In this Bloody field I assure ye;  
When his War Horse was Shot  
Yet he matter'd it not,  
But charg'd still on foot like a Fury.

7

When Death flew about  
Aloud he call'd out  
Ho! you Chavalier of St. George;  
If you'll never stand  
By Sea nor by Land  
Pretender, that Title you forge.

8

Thus boldly he stood  
As became that high blood,  
Which runs in his Veins so blue;  
This Gallant Young Man  
Being Kin to Queen *Anne*,  
Fought, as were she a Man, she wou'd do.

9

What a Racket was here,  
(I think 'twas last year)  
For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*;  
When by letting 'em win,  
We have drawn the Puttin  
To loose all they are worth this Campaign.

10

The *Bruges* and *Ghent*,  
To the Mounseur we lent;  
With Interest he soon shall Re-pay 'em;  
While *Paris* may Sing  
With her Sorrowful King  
*De Profundis*, instead of *Te Deum*.

From



**Pills to Purge Melancholy.**

11

From their Dream of Success,  
They'll awaken we guess  
At the Sound of Great *Marlborough's* Drums,  
They may think if they will  
Of *Almanza* still,  
But 'tis *Blenheim* where ever he comes.

12

O *Lewis* perplex'd,  
What General's next?  
Thou hast hitherto chang'd 'em in vain:  
He has beat 'em all round,  
If no new ones are found,  
He shall beat the old over again.

13

We'll let *Tallard* out  
If he'll take t'other bout;  
And much he's improv'd let me tell ye  
With *Nottingham Ale*,  
At every Meal,  
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

14

As Loosers at Play,  
Their Dice throw away;  
The Winner he still wins on:  
Let who will Command  
Thou hadst better Disband,  
For Old Bully thy Doctors are gone.

The Duke of *Marlbrough's* Health.



**M** *Ar*lbrough's a brave Commander,  
 He Conducts us into the Field;  
 As bold as *Alexander*,  
 He'll Dy before he'll yield :

Sound the Trumpet Sound boys,  
 Let each Man stand his Ground boys;  
 Ne'er let us flinch, nor give back an inch;  
 And so let his Health go round boys,

the following Stan. made to the fogg  
on the Battle of *Amersfoort* by Mr. D.

Our mighty *Mariborough's* Story,  
of the Field  
passes the Scheld,  
to increase his Glory,  
the French all fly or yeild:  
we drew out to spite him,  
Household Troops to fright him,  
inces o'th Blood  
as they cou'd,  
ne'er durst return to Fight him.



This is the year of Wonders,  
the Gen d'arms Gor'd,  
in Bullets and Sword,  
like when the General Thunders,  
was the word:  
and the Trumpet Sound boys,  
to his Health be crown'd boys,  
his Brow  
fresh Oaken boughs,  
thus let the Glass go round boys.

we have made a Motion,  
the brave  
shall have,  
could we top an Ocean,  
we hardly give:  
there's more must be boys,  
never makes 'em up three boys,  
in a Hand,  
to my Friend,  
let all agree boys.

**FINIS.**

